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FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE ARREST OF MADELEINE SMITH.

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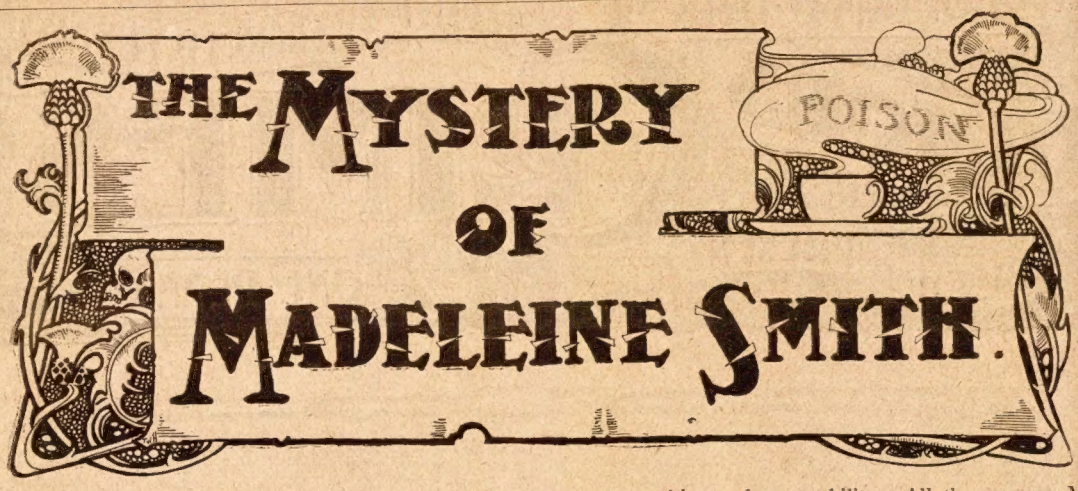


THE MYSTERY OF MADELEINE SMITH.

"When once love pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost."
ADDISON, "Cato," Act IV., Scene 1.

PART I.

HISTORY is for ever repeating itself. When the charge of murder brought against Mrs. Maybrick was the sole subject of conversation in 1889 people wondered that she should have obtained arsenic for cosmetic purposes, as she said, and used it to remove from her path a man who had become obnoxious to her; they also were surprised that she should have made use of a decoction of fly papers for the same purpose, but if the public had a long memory they would have remembered that fly-paper decoction was the poisonous means used by Margaret Higgins, the murderess, in the early eighties, while the case of Madeleine Smith, which proved even of more interest to the country than the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, then in full progress, in 1857, was the first important case in which the poisonous medium was obtained for toilet purposes.

In the beautiful Island of Jersey lived, in 1827, a family of Huguenot refugees of the name of L'Angelier. That year saw an addition to the family in the shape of Pierre Emile L'Angelier. The boy was brought up quietly and little is known of his early years excepting that when his schooldays were ended he came to Edinburgh and obtained humble employment there till the year 1847, when he went on to the Continent to seek his fortune. At that he was not successful, and after a struggle for four years he returned to Edinburgh broken in fortune and spirits. For some time he lived with a publican, doing odd jobs about the house and receiving in return his board and a share of the waiter's bed at night. He did not make a good potman, and so cast about for some more congenial employment.

Jersey is nothing if it is not a home of horticulture, and it may be said that every Jerseyman is a born gardener; so L'Angelier went to Dundee and there took service with a nurseryman, to whom he imparted much of his lore concerning the growing of tomatoes and the management of early potatoes. But even at this employment he was not successful, and in 1853 we hear of him returning again to indoor employment as a clerk in the service of Messrs. Huggins and Co., of Glasgow, at the miserable salary of ten shillings a week and his board. In that service he remained till his death in March, 1857.

L'Angelier was a man of good birth, in spite of his poverty, and he was much respected by his fellow clerks, who were not slow to see that there was a cachet about the little Frenchman which was absent in the case of the usual commercial man.

Near to Row, on the Clyde, stands a beautiful country house called Rowaleyn, the property of Mr. Smith, a Glasgow architect of some ability. All the summer Mr. Smith used to live at Rowaleyn, but when the evenings began to draw in he shut up the house and took his family, consisting of his wife, three daughters and two sons, to his town house in Glasgow.

His eldest child was Madeleine Hamilton Smith, a bright and attractive young lady whose beauty was renowned in Glasgow. She was born in 1836. Brilliantly educated, gifted with excellent talents, what was more natural than that she should have a life of happiness and usefulness before her? But the fatal influence of one man changed all that, and till her death she lived under a cloud.

Among the friends of her family was a young man named Robert Baird, a banker's clerk, who in the course of his business had met Emile L'Angelier and taken a fancy to the foreigner. L'Angelier had seen Madeleine Smith at a distance many times, and finding out that Baird was a friend of hers, asked him to introduce him to the beauty. Baird seems to have been jealous of his friend, for he refused to do so on several occasions, but the gallant Frenchman was not to be put off, and as his friend would not introduce him to the lady, he took the matter into his own hands, and, meeting her one day while she was unattended, he introduced himself.

Madeleine was struck with her new acquaintance, and the acquaintanceship rapidly became friendship, which later ripened to even closer relationship. From the first Madeleine did not think it necessary to mention the matter to her parents, but met her friend clandestinely. When, however, the season for the Smiths' migration to Rowaleyn came round the couple found that they could not bear to be parted, and arrangements were made for corresponding. Madeleine took the first plunge and wrote to L'Angelier, signing the letter by her pet name of Mimi.

The first correspondence did not last for long, for Madeleine recognised the hopelessness of obtaining her father's consent to a marriage with one who was not successful, and, at her request, communications were closed. With her return to Glasgow she reopened relations with L'Angelier, and in December we find her writing to him as "My own Darling Husband," and signing the letters "Mimi L'Angelier." Thus it is clear that friendship had ripened into love. A friend of Madeleine's, by name Miss Perry, used to arrange meetings between the young couple, and she fully understood that Madeleine was engaged to L'Angelier. Wishing to encourage the little romance, she acted the part of go-between with great ardour, and letters and messages were almost daily entrusted to her.

This had been going on for about a year when Mr. Smith discovered the correspondence, and in April, 1856, absolutely forbade Madeleine to have anything to do with her lover. She promised obedience, but her inclinations were too strong for her, and she made a confidante of one of the maids, named Christiana Haggart, who not only used

to go to the post-office and fetch letters which had been sent there in an assumed name for her young mistress, but actually opened the back gate to L'Angelier and admitted him to a disused laundry where the lady awaited him. Up to this point nothing actually wrong had taken place between Madeleine and L'Angelier, but with the clandestine meetings at night came promises of a speedy marriage, and Madeleine fell to the old, old tale which has served every seducer since the beginning of the world.

It was then that her entire nature seemed to change and her letters became revolting in their character, and she openly wrote to L'Angelier about their guilty intercourse and spoke with disgusting candour about their meetings, which took place both in Glasgow and in the neighbourhood of Rowaleyn.

In November, 1856, the Smith family returned to Glasgow and took up their quarters in the ground-floor flat of No. 7, Blythswood Square, Madeleine's bedroom window opening out towards the back of the house. All the winter the correspondence and meetings went on, and the couple had even arranged the day when Madeleine was to elope with her fiancé, which was to be in the middle of March.

But before the happy day arrived, Madeleine had tired of her lover and had taken a fancy to a Mr. Minnoch, a well-to-do Glasgow merchant, whom her parents were very anxious she should marry, and to whom she allowed herself to become formally engaged at the end of January, 1857. At first she persuaded herself that she was doing the only wise thing, as her parents would never acknowledge L'Angelier, and he was not in a position to support her in the style to which she was accustomed. She, therefore, began to make arrangements for breaking off relations with her Frenchman, and to that end wrote him a cutting letter, saying that as both parties had got cool towards one another she really thought that they had better return one another's letters and consider themselves free again; at the same time she did not breathe a word about her new fiancé.

L'Angelier was mad with rage, and realised that he would look foolish before his fellow clerks, to several of whom he had confided the story of his victory over Madeleine Smith, and had even gone the length of telling M. de Meau, the French Consul, of his approaching marriage with Mimi, with whom his compatriot was acquainted.

His first move was to tell Mr. Kennedy, the cashier at Messrs. Huggins' warehouse, about his rejection and ask his advice what to do. Kennedy naturally told him that he had only one course as a gentleman—to return all the letters and not trouble the girl any more, but the Frenchman was jealous, and, with tears in his eyes, vowed that Madeleine should never marry any but himself. This decision he communicated to Madeleine, telling her that if she did not marry him he would send all her letters to her father. Sufficient has been said about those letters for our readers to understand the position in which the miserable girl found herself placed, and she wrote frantic appeals for mercy. Here is one of her letters:

L'ANGELIER INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO MADELEINE SMITH.

"EMILE,—I have just had your note. Emile, for the love you once had for me do nothing till I see you! For God's sake do not bring your once-loved Mimi to an open shame! Emile, I have deceived you; I have deceived my mother! God knows she did not boast of anything I had said of you, for the poor woman thought I had broken off with you last winter. I deceived you by telling you she still knew of our engagement. She did not. And as for wishing for an engagement with another, I do not fancy she ever thought of it. Emile, write to no one—to papa or any other. Oh do not till I see you on Wednesday night! Be at the Hamiltons' at twelve, and I shall open my shutter, and then you come to the area gate and I shall see you. It would break my mother's heart! Oh, Emile, be not harsh with me! I am the most miserable, guilty wretch on the face of the earth! Emile, do not drive me to

death! When I ceased to love you, believe me it was not to love another. I am free from all engagement at present. Emile, for God's sake do not send my letters to papa; it will be an open rupture. I will leave the house. I will die. Emile, do nothing till I see you!

Christiana Haggart admits L'Angelier.

One word to-morrow night at my window or I go mad. Emile, you did love me. I did fondly, truly love you, too. Oh, dear Emile, be not harsh to me. Will you not—but I cannot ask forgiveness—I am too guilty for that. I have deceived. It was love for you at the time made me say that mamma knew of our engagement. To-morrow one word, and on Wednesday we meet. I would not again ask you to love me, for I know you could not. But, oh, Emile, do not make me go mad! I will tell you that only myself and C.H. knew of my engagement to you. Mamma did not know till last winter. Pray for me, for a guilty wretch, but do nothing. Oh, Emile, do nothing! Ten o'clock to-morrow night—one line for the love of God!"

This effusion was followed a few hours later by another piteous prayer for secrecy. A few sentences must suffice as an illustration, but they serve to show how the poor girl was nearly demented at the time she wrote them.

"Oh, will you not keep my secret from the world? Oh, will you not (*sic*), for Christ's sake, denounce me? I shall be undone, I shall be ruined. Who would trust me? Shame will be my lot. Despise me, hate me, but make me not the public scandal. . . . My heart is empty. I am unloved. I am despised!"

From these it can be seen that even while she was sueing for mercy from her French lover, she could not tell him the truth that she was actually at that moment engaged to Mr. Minnoch.

L'Angelier replied to these letters by making an appointment with her, and the couple were reconciled and the correspondence continued, but in her letters written after her terrible fright, though she still writes as "Your dearest Mimi," and styles him her own darling, she does not give herself the licence which she did in the correspondence in what may be called the second stage of the tragedy. But this renewed correspondence was not destined to continue for long. About a week after the reconciliation Mr. L'Angelier left his rooms and went out to keep one of his assignations with his fiancée and returned at a late hour. Early on the morning of the 20th February his landlady, Mrs. Jenkins, hearing a noise and going into his room finds him writhing on the floor in great agony. In the course of the day he got better, but it was a couple of days before he was well enough to eat his ordinary food.

On Sunday, the 22nd, however, he imprudently ate heartily at the mid-day meal, and was seized with a relapse in the middle of the night. This time Mrs. Jenkins became alarmed, and sent for a medical man. Dr. Thomson came at once, and prescribed morphia and a hot application to the abdomen, and went away. This relapse confined L'Angelier to his room for a week, and when he was able to get out again he went to see the faithful Miss Perry, and told her that he had not expected to have recovered. When she asked him to what he attributed his illness, he said that he did not know what could have upset him, but a few days later he again called on Miss Perry, and said that he had been seized with another attack after drinking some chocolate which Miss Smith had given him, adding, "I cannot think why I was so unwell after getting that chocolate from her." At the same interview he remarked, "It is a perfect fascination, my attachment to that girl; if she were to poison me I should forgive her." This astonished Miss Perry, and she inquired why Madeleine should want to poison her future husband, to which L'Angelier replied, "I don't know. Perhaps she might not be sorry to get rid of me."

Why Madeleine had every motive for getting rid of her unwelcome lover we can well understand, but Miss Perry was not "in the know," and believed that it was only the slight opposition of Mr. Smith which was hindering the marriage. The pressure put on her by Mr. Minnoch led her to consent to their engagement being made public, and when she went to the Bridge of Allan on March 6th, Mr.

Writhing on the floor in great agony.

Minnoch followed her and the parents settled the wedding-day for the middle of June, but before she left Glasgow she had had another meeting with L'Angelier, who taxed her with being too fond of Mr. Minnoch, and on the evening of the 5th of March he wrote demanding to be told whether

it was true that Minnoch had given her some jewellery and was engaged to her.

Madeleine denied that Minnoch was anything to her, and said that she had only one love, namely Emile.

For the benefit of his health, L'Angelier went away for a week, and did not return to Glasgow till the 17th of March, on which day he had an appointment with Madeleine, but as she did not keep it he set off for the Bridge of Allan to look for her. While he was away the letter arrived, and was forwarded to him at Stirling by a fellow lodger of his, named Thuau. On the 22nd L'Angelier returned to Glasgow from Stirling, and was apparently in the best of health. That evening he asked for a latch-key, as he was likely to be in late at night, and Mrs. Jenkins lent him one.

In the small hours of the morning Mrs. Jenkins was disturbed by the violent ringing of the bell, and, running to the house door, found her lodger doubled up. He was just able to gasp out that he was very bad indeed, and was going to have another attack of his previous complaint. She helped him to his bed and applied poultices as had been done before. Early in the morning, as he seemed to be growing worse, she fetched the nearest doctor, Dr. Steven, who found his patient much distressed, but not seriously ill, in his opinion. However, L'Angelier believed that he was dying, and asked his landlady to go and fetch Miss Perry to see him. She kindly went off at once, and shortly returned with a message that Miss Perry was following as quickly as possible. L'Angelier seemed pleased at this, and asked Mrs. Jenkins to draw the curtains of his bed, as he thought that he could get a little rest and would be better when he awoke. Ten minutes later the doctor arrived for a second visit, and when the curtains were opened it was found that poor L'Angelier had died without making a sound or giving any indication as to where he had been on the previous evening.

L'Angelier's fellow lodger, Thuau, wishing to make sure that his friend was really dead, sent out at once for another medical man, Dr. Thomson, and the two doctors held a consultation, and decided that a post-mortem examination must be held. While the medicos were talking, Mr. Stevenson, a clerk employed at the same house as L'Angelier, was making an examination of the clothes lying on the sofa in the poor little Frenchman's bedroom. Suddenly he turned round and exclaimed: "This explains the whole matter. See this letter from his sweetheart!"

The doctors joined him at once, and he handed them an undated note which he had found in the waistcoat pocket of the dead man. The letter was addressed to L'Angelier, and was composed of passages borrowed from the "Song of Solomon." It ran as follows:—

> "Why, my beloved, did you not come to me? O my beloved, are you ill? Come to me, sweet one. I waited and waited for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night—same hour and arrangement. O come, sweet love, my own dear love and sweetheart; come, and we shall be happy! A kiss, fond love. Adieu, with tender embraces. Ever believe me to be your own ever dear, fond
>
> "MIMI."

This was undoubtedly the letter which had brought L'Angelier back from Stirling on the Sunday, when, owing to the defective railway arrangements then existing, he had to walk fifteen miles to get home to his lover. Matters then began to look so suspicious that the medical men inquired of Mrs. Jenkins what friends the deceased clerk had. The landlady only knew of Miss Perry, who arrived while they were talking, and, on being asked the same question, told them of his engagement to Madeleine Smith and of the meetings which she had so frequently arranged between the lovers. She also mentioned that L'Angelier was known to M. de Meau, of the French Consulate.

The doctors immediately sent word to M. de Meau, and he came down and took possession of L'Angelier's effects. Hardly, however, had he examined them than some friends of the dead man came on the scene, and, declaring that De Meau had no right to touch L'Angelier's things, compelled him to relinquish his hold of the goods. But, during the cursory examination which the Consular official had been able to make, he had seen enough to know that certain letters were in existence which would undoubtedly ruin the fair fame of Madeleine Smith for ever, should they become public property. Accordingly, he went at once to see Mr. Smith, whom he knew well, and told him that at all hazards these letters must be got hold of.

At first Mr. Smith would not believe that Madeleine had written anything that was not maidenly, and upbraided De Meau; but, on the latter declaring that there could not be the least doubt about the matter, he asked him to try and obtain them from L'Angelier's friends. For this purpose De Meau went next morning to the lodgings and asked for the letters; but the people who had them refused to allow them to be taken away until the result of the post-mortem was made known. With this M. de Meau had to be content. On the Wednesday following he went again to Blythswood Square, and had an interview with Madeleine Smith in the presence of her mother. He told her that it was known that the unfortunate Frenchman had come from the Bridge of Allan on purpose to keep an appointment with her, and that he had died on the Monday morning under very suspicious circumstances. Then he asked her whether she had seen him on the Sunday night, March 22.

Madeleine replied that she had not seen L'Angelier on that Sunday, nor had she seen him for three weeks. She added that she did not know that he had been to the Bridge of Allan, and had therefore written to him at his Glasgow address, asking him to come and see her on Saturday night. She had waited for him at the trysting-place for a long time, but he had not come, and she was compelled to return home. The object of the meeting was to regain possession of her letters. On the Sunday she had not expected him, and did not think of meeting him. Throughout the interview she seemed perfectly possessed and calm, but it was only an outward calmness.

In the small hours of Thursday morning she rose and dressed, fearing every moment that she would disturb her little sister, who slept in the same room as she did. Then, carrying her boots in her hand, she crept to the door and out of her home, fleeing from her father's house. The stillness of the night frightened the girl, accustomed as she was to nocturnal ramblings, and she took refuge for a few minutes in a doorway. Then she put on her boots, and, plucking up courage, made for the quay, hoping to find a steamer starting for Rowaleyn. But steamers do not start for pleasure resorts in the middle of the night, so she walked about the quay till about eight o'clock, and then obtained permission to go on board and wait till the time of starting. At seven o'clock her little sister woke up, and not finding Madeleine in her room, went to Mrs. Smith, and asked if she was there. Of course, the whole household was roused in a moment, and news sent to Mr. Minnoch to come and assist in finding his affianced bride. The father went off to the railway station, and Mr. Minnoch and one of the Smith boys went down to the quay. A few inquiries of the dock loungers put them on the right track, and they learnt that the steamer on which the runaway girl was had left a few minutes before they arrived. There was nothing to be done but to follow the boat as soon as possible, and this they did by rail, catching Madeleine before she had gone very far on her journey.

Mr. Minnoch did not know of L'Angelier's death, and was ignorant of Madeleine's infatuation for him, but some sort of reason had to be given for her flight, and he was told that a little unpleasantness had arisen over some old love affair. He was in every way a gentleman, and forbore to press her as to her flight, contenting himself with assuring her that the past was the past, and ought not to be referred to. But, unfortunately for Madeleine, Justice

demanded that the past should be referred to, and a full inquiry made.

On Saturday, March 28, the two doctors who had made the post-mortem declared that the appearance of the internal organs warranted the suspicion that L'Angelier had met his death at the hands of a poisoner. L'Angelier had been buried for two days, so it was necessary to exhume the body and remove portions for submission to an expert. This was done on the 31st. On that morning Mr. Minnoch was sitting in the drawing-room at Blythswood Square, talking to Madeleine, when the latter told him that she had heard that there was a rumour to the effect that L'Angelier had been poisoned, but that she did not believe it. She also said that she had been in the habit of buying arsenic for the purpose of preparing a cosmetic, the use of which she had learnt at school. While the couple were chatting, several police officers made their appearance and informed the young lady that they held a warrant for her arrest. She was immediately taken off to the police-station, and there she made a declaration supporting her innocence.

MADELEINE SMITH. FROM A DRAWING MADE IN COURT.

In spite of the trying position she was in, she did not have the least hesitation in giving her account of her relations with L'Angelier, nor did she seem embarrassed in any way. The declaration, which is of great importance, ran as follows:

"My name is Madeleine Smith. I am a native of Glasgow, twenty-one years of age, and I reside with my father, James Smith, architect, at No. 7, Blythswood Square, Glasgow. For about the last two years I have been acquainted with P. Emile L'Angelier, who was in the employment of W. B. Huggins and Co., in Bothwell Street, and who lodged at 11, Franklin Place. He recently paid his addresses to me, and I have met with him on a variety of occasions. I learnt about his death on the afternoon of Monday, the 23rd of March, from mamma, to whom it had been mentioned by a lady named Miss Perry, a friend of Mr. L'Angelier. I had not seen Mr. L'Angelier for about three weeks before his death, and the last time I saw him was on a night about half-past ten o'clock. On that occasion he tapped at my bedroom window, which is on the ground floor. I talked to him from the window, which is stanchioned outside, and I did not go out to him, nor did he come in to me. This occasion, which, as already said, was about three weeks before his death, was the last time I saw him. He was in the habit of writing notes to me and I was in the habit of replying to him by notes. The last note I wrote to him was on the Friday before his death—viz., Friday, the 20th of March. I now see and identify that note, and the relative envelope, marked No. 1. In consequence of that note, I expected him to visit me on Saturday night, the 21st, at my bedroom window in the same way as formerly mentioned; but he did not come, and sent no notice. There was no tapping at my window on the Saturday night, nor on the following night—Sunday. I went to bed on Sunday night at about eleven o'clock, and remained in bed till the usual time of getting up next morning, about eight or nine o'clock. In the course of my meetings with Mr. L'Angelier he and I had arranged to get married, and we had at one time proposed September last as the time the marriage was to take place, and subsequently the present month of March was spoken of. It was proposed we should reside in furnished lodgings; but we had not made any definite arrangement as to time or otherwise. He was very unwell for some time, and had gone to the Bridge of Allan for his health, and he complained of sickness; but I have no idea what was the cause of it. I remember giving him some cocoa from my window one night some time ago, but I cannot specify the time particularly. He took the cup in his hand and barely tasted the contents, and I gave him no bread to it. I was taking some cocoa myself at the time and had prepared it myself. It was between ten and eleven p.m. when I gave it to him. I am now shown a letter and envelope, marked No. 2, and I recognise them as a letter and envelope which I wrote to Mr. L'Angelier and sent to the post. As I had attributed his sickness to want of food, I proposed, as stated in

the note, to give him a loaf of bread, but I said that merely in joke, and, in point of fact, I never gave him any bread. I have bought arsenic on several occasions. The last I bought was a sixpenceworth, which I bought at Currie's, the apothecary's, in Sauchiehall Street; and prior to that I bought two other quantities of arsenic, for which I paid sixpence each, at Currie's shop and at Murdoch's respectively. I used it all as a cosmetic, and applied it to my face, neck, and arms, diluted with water. The arsenic I got at Currie's shop I got there on Wednesday, the 18th of March, and I used it all on one occasion, having put it all in the basin where I was to wash myself. I had been advised to the use of arsenic in the way I have mentioned by a young lady, the daughter of an actress, and I had also seen the use of it recommended in the newspapers. The young lady's name was Guibilei, and I had met her at school at Clapton, near London. I did not wish any of my father's family to be aware that I was using arsenic, and therefore never mentioned it to anyone; and I do not suppose they, or any of the servants, ever noticed any of it in the basin. When I bought the arsenic at Murdoch's, I am not sure whether I was asked, or not, what it was for; but I think I said it was for the gardener to kill rats with, or to destroy vermin about the flowers, and I only said this because I did not wish them to know that I wanted it as a cosmetic. I don't know whether I was asked as to the use I was going to make of the arsenic on the other two occasions, but I likely made the same statement about it as I had done at Murdoch's; and on all the three occasions, as required in the shops, I signed my name in a book in which the sales were entered. On the first occasion I was accompanied by Mary, a daughter of Dr. Buchanan, of Dumbarton. For several years past Mr. Minnoch, of the firm of William Houldsworth and Co., has been coming a good deal about my father's house, and about a month ago Mr. Minnoch made a proposal of marriage to me, and I gave him my hand in token of acceptance, but no time for the marriage has yet been fixed, and my object in writing the note marked No. 1 to Mr. L'Angelier was to have a meeting with that gentleman to tell him that I was engaged to Mr. Minnoch. On the occasion that I gave Mr. L'Angelier the cocoa, as formerly mentioned, I think that I used it must have been known to the servants and members of my father's family, as the package containing the cocoa was lying on the mantelshelf in my room; but no one in the family used it except myself, as they did not seem to like it. The water which I used I got hot from the servants. On the night of the 18th, when I used the arsenic last, I was going to a dinner party at Mr. Minnoch's house. I never administered, or caused to be administered, to Mr. L'Angelier arsenic or anything injurious. And this I declare to be truth.

"MADELEINE SMITH."

"THIS EXPLAINS THE WHOLE MATTER!" SAID STEVENSON.

The proceedings before the magistrate, or bailie, were of the briefest possible description, and almost before she realised the charge brought against her Madeleine Smith found herself committed to Glasgow Prison to await her trial. Of course, the prosecution was not cognisant with all the facts of the case as we now know them, and a lot of time had to be occupied in getting up the case, so that it was not until the last day of June, 1857, that Madeleine Smith was called to plead at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh.

The Court before which she was tried consisted of the Lord Justice Clerk, assisted by Lords Ivory and Handyside, and a jury of thirteen, and three charges were laid against her, namely (1) of administering arsenic to L'Angelier with intent to murder him on February 19th, 1857; (2) the same offence on February 22nd; and (3) of murdering him by arsenic on March 22nd. The court room was crowded with people anxious to get a glimpse of the prisoner, whose reputation for beauty had reached Edin-

burgh, and much difficulty was experienced in suppressing the murmurs of sympathy which were heard when Madeleine stepped into the dock.

In spite of the three months which she had spent in prison, she was as beautiful as ever, her complexion being a delicious cream and pink, blending almost to carmine on the cheeks. She was dressed in rich brown silk, with a large brooch set low on the bosom, a white straw bonnet simply trimmed with white ribbons, a white cambric handkerchief and a bottle of smelling-salts in her neatly-gloved hands. She entered the dock, not as one accused of the most awful of all crimes, and self-convicted of impurity, but as a blushing belle attends a levee or a reception, conscious that of the fair she is the fairest, and throughout the whole trial she preserved the same demeanour, save when some of her immodest letters were read, when she covered her face with her hands.

On behalf of the Crown appeared the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Mackenzie, while the Dean of Faculty, afterwards Lord Justice General for Scotland, Mr. Young, subsequently Lord Young, and Mr. Moncrieff conducted the case for the prisoner. Of course, such an array of counsel meant the outlay of much money, and, though Mr. Smith was a prosperous man, he could hardly have afforded to pay the counsel engaged on behalf of his daughter, but such was the sympathy for the Glasgow beauty that the long-headed Glasgow merchants subscribed and briefed the best counsel obtainable, allowing no part of the expense to be paid by the architect, who was nearly broken-hearted at his daughter's disgrace.

The procedure in a Scotch Court of Law is different from that to which we have become accustomed in the trials which we have published, and we will briefly point out the differences. In the first place, the legal wording of the indictment is considered by the counsel for both sides, and in this instance the Dean of Faculty objected to the words "cause to be taken" appearing in the indictment, saying that they were included in the term "administered," which was the basis of the charge. Some little time was occupied discussing this, and the words objected to were erased. Again, the prisoner is spoken of as "the Panel" throughout the whole of the proceedings, and the declaration which we have seen Madeleine made before the magistrate was referred to as "a declaration emitted." Then the order of the proceedings is different. Instead of the counsel for the prosecution opening the case, and giving the jury some idea of the case as a concrete whole before he calls his witnesses, and being followed by the defence being outlined by the prisoner's advocate before his witnesses are in their turn examined, the hearing of all witnesses for the Crown opens the trial. This is followed by the examination of the witnesses for the defence, who give what the Scottish lawyer calls "exculpatory evidence." The jury having thus gathered what they can from the witnesses, the advocate for the Crown addresses them, and is followed by the counsel for the prisoner, who thus has the last word, and is able to make a better impression on the jury. The judge then charges the jury, and they retire to consider their verdict. In England we know only of unanimous verdicts of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," but north of the Tweed the juryman has a choice of three verdicts, the two mentioned, and a third, "Not Proven," which is as much as to say that, though the prisoner is probably guilty, there is not strong enough actual evidence to convict on, and these verdicts need not be unanimous, but go by the voice of the majority.

The number of articles offered in court as evidence, or, as a lawyer would call them, "exhibits," was astounding. Over a hundred letters were put in, jars containing portions of the murdered man's intestines, stomach, liver, and lungs, a tube containing the actual arsenic found in the stomach, samples of arsenic from the chemists from whom Madeleine Smith had purchased that drug, the contents of her bedroom, scraps of paper, old bottles, cards, and other litter found in L'Angelier's lodgings, and so on.

The principal witnesses were Dr. Penny and Dr. Christison, well-known experts and analysts, and their evidence is the only portion of the story which we have not heard. They told the jury that death was undoubtedly due to poisoning by arsenic. Not only was arsenic found in the vital organs by analysts, but eighty-eight grains of the drug itself were found unchanged in the stomach. This showed that the amount of poison swallowed by the deceased must have been enormous, since the fits of vomiting which preceded death must have removed a large quantity of the drug. Some of the medical men thought that L'Angelier must have taken at least a hundred grains of arsenic, and the certainty of his rapid death is shown by the fact that six grains of arsenic forms a fatal dose. On this fact turned the whole defence.

It was contended that no person could have unwittingly taken so large a quantity of the poison, and, therefore, it

She crept to the door.

was suggested that L'Angelier, in despair at losing his mistress, had taken his life. Orfila, the Parisian savant, was quoted to show that arsenic has a distinct taste and would be easily recognised by the taker, but Dr. Christison absolutely refused to admit that, and said that though Professor Orfila stated that arsenic had a taste, he did not say that he knew that from his own knowledge. Now he (Dr. Christison) had actually made experiments, in conjunction with other medical men within a day or two of the commencement of the trial, and had found that arsenic in the form in which it was found in the stomach had no taste at all, and could easily have been administered in any fluid dark enough to hide the white powder. Dr. Penny was asked if the large amount of arsenic found in the stomach did not bear out the statement that only in cases of suicide was much poison found in the body after death, the murderer preferring to use the smallest quantity compatible with his fell purpose. The doctor would not admit that, but said that in all cases of poisoning with arsenic more of the drug than was necessary to produce death was given. All the symptoms of L'Angelier's three attacks were indicative of arsenical poisoning.

With regard to the purchase of arsenic, the chemists' books showed that Madeleine Smith had bought the powder on February 21st, March 6th, and March 18th. Now these dates are important, for it will be seen that the first and last immediately preceded the last two attacks which L'Angelier had, but that the middle date, March 6th, was not followed by any illness. There was absolutely nothing to show that Madeleine had any arsenic in her possession on February the 19th, when the Frenchman was first taken ill. All the purchases were made quite openly, in her own name, and the cost put down to her father's account.

One witness swore that he had seen L'Angelier in the neighbourhood of Blythswood Square on the evening of March 22nd, but there was no direct evidence to prove that he had seen Madeleine on that fatal night or on the evening of February 22nd, the date mentioned in the second charge. These facts completed the material which the Lord Advocate relied on to hang the Panel, and which the Dean of Faculty intended to use to save his client. We have yet to see how these eminent jurists handled them to obtain different ends.

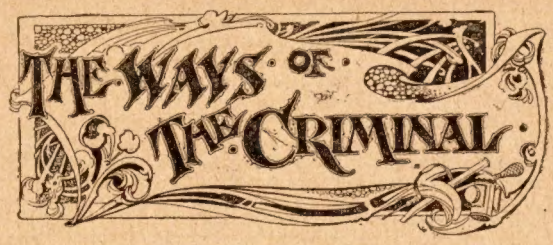
The Lord Advocate, for the Crown, traced the course of the intrigue between Madeleine and L'Angelier from its very beginning up to the time that the prisoner found herself in the difficult position of being engaged to two men at the same time. He showed from the letters which he had that the couple frequently met and that they gave full licence to their passions on many occasions. He said that a conversation of the deceased with Miss Perry showed that he had an interview with Madeleine on February 19th, and that L'Angelier had put his two illnesses down to some chocolate which he had been given by his fiancée. The story of the use of arsenic as a cosmetic he stigmatised as false and absurd. Then the Lord Advocate turned to the vital question, did the prisoner and L'Angelier meet on the fatal Sunday night?

Strikes Against Taxes.

THE earliest trace we have of a definite refusal to pay taxes unless the people were represented is to be found in Scottish history, when the burgesses, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, declined to pay tribute save to the monarch in person, who was also expected to listen to their grievances and give them redress. Fifty years later, Edward I. found that he could not get the money he wanted from the people unless he called together their representatives, which he accordingly did. The vexed question of representation necessary for the imposition of taxes was definitely settled in 1642, when the Colonies of New England refused to pay home import and export duties because they were not represented in Parliament, and the House of Commons decided that the principle established in the reign of Edward I. was binding. It was not till 140 years later, however, that the ruling became binding on all States where Anglo-Saxon is spoken. From all time, of course, there have been strikes against certain individual impositions, but they have not involved the true principle of all taxation, namely that the taxes are levied on the people by the people

Criminal Poverty.

IN the days when Peru was governed by the Incas, before its conquest by the Spaniards in the early part of the sixteenth century, poverty was regarded as an actual crime. This is not to be wondered at considering the system of finance in vogue at the period. The whole territory was divided into three portions, and the revenues derived from them were divided respectively between the priesthood, to support the temple services and maintain the national worship of the Sun, the reigning Inca, to provide for his household and for the cost of government, and the remaining third was apportioned to the people at a fixed sum per head. All profits, thus, were common property, and each person received his annual share from the treasury. The extent of land apportioned to each householder to cultivate was in proportion to the size of his family. It can, therefore, be seen that under such a wise rule any who were poor were so by their own fault, and were regarded as wilful criminals and allowed to starve.



XXIII. — WHERE CRIMINALS HIDE THEMSELVES.

OUR last article dealt with the remarkable methods adopted by thieves in order to hide their plunder from the searching gaze of the officers of the law. Criminals, however, display far greater ingenuity in concealing themselves from the eyes of justice.

Some men, especially burglars, as we have frequently pointed out in these articles, always indulge in the same class of crime, and as a result the police recognise their work as they would the handwriting of a comrade. Thus, when a criminal of this type has been engaged in his nefarious occupation, and is well aware of the fact that the police will at once pitch on him as the perpetrator, he endeavours to hide himself until the hue and cry has passed.

And, as a hare will be at the foot of the man with the gun, so a criminal very frequently hides himself under the very noses of the men who are looking for him. For instance, the man Orrocks, who murdered Policeman Cole at Dalston a few years ago, and was afterwards hanged in expiation of his crime, actually sought sanctuary in gaol! After killing the officer, Orrocks, panic-stricken, fled from the spot, leaving behind him the tell-tale clues which subsequently brought him to the gallows. But, after a few minutes, he recovered his presence of mind, and resolved on a daring plan—he committed a petty theft in sight of a policeman, was arrested, and sent to prison. When the detectives engaged in the murder case surmised that Orrocks was their man, they searched high and low, but could not find him. At last, however, a visiting detective at Holloway Prison spotted him tramping the monotonous round of the exercise yard, and the mystery was at an end.

Though not ingenious, this basket proved quite an effective hiding-place.

One is also reminded of the story of the young lady who, in the days when crinolines were worn, shielded her lover—a deserter from the army—by concealing him beneath her ample skirts.

Ladies' dresses are not built that way now, however, and

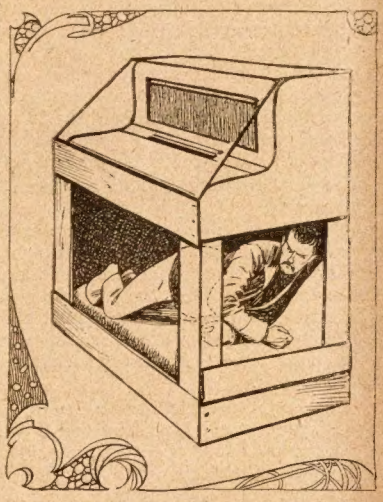
such a sanctuary is not available either for the thief or the deserter. At any rate, the modern burglar does not seek so romantic a hiding-place. He is content with much more prosaic and unpoetic places of concealment.

Only the other day two of the swell mob landed themselves into prison because they hid away in a place which they fondly hoped no one would ever dream of looking into. They had planned to ransack the Town Hall of one of the provincial boroughs, and, in order to carry out their undertaking, entered the building early in the evening, and looked round for a place in which they could secrete themselves until everyone was off the premises. In a dark corner they spotted the lift, which ran from the kitchen to a small antechamber at the side of the banqueting hall.

There were two carriers in the lift, so that when one was at the top the other was at the bottom. Each was just large enough to hold one man—doubled up, it is true—but still it would hold him. Instantly it struck the thieves that this was exactly the place they were looking for. The kitchens were deserted, the doors in front of the lift were shut down, and when the watchman made his examination it was hardly likely that he would look inside the well. So, carefully and noiselessly, one of the holders was pulled up to the doors, and whilst thief number one got in, thief number two held the rope. Having settled himself, the lift was lowered until the second carrier appeared, and into this thief number two climbed. Then he carefully drew down the shutter, and lay in wait until the coast was clear. Now, it so happened that the watchman had been instructed to remove some boxes from the assembly-rooms to the ground floor. In the ordinary course of events he would have carried them down the stairs, but these had been freshly whitened and carpeted in preparation for an important social function. (It was the silver to be used on this occasion which the thieves were after.) So the watchman thought of the lift, and began carrying his boxes to the opening. He tried to open the shutters, but was unable to move them, the thief inside holding on like grim death to the doors, which slid upwards. However, the watchman, a powerful man, exerted all his strength, and at last up went the shutters with a bang. Meekly the man inside surrendered, for his cramped-up position gave him no chance of showing fight. As he crawled slowly out of his hiding-place, a noise came up from the depths in a sort of stage whisper, and the watchman heard, "Don't make a noise, you blank, adjective fool, or else you'll have the coppers down on us!" Quietly, but firmly, the watchman persuaded his captive to accompany him down the carpeted stairs and into the assize court, which occupied part of the ground floor. Thence they passed into the dock, and down a flight of stairs into the cells beneath, which communicated with the cells in the chief police-station at the back of the court. Arriving there, the thief was given into custody, and, having obtained assistance, the watchman went back for thief number one, who was hauled up by strong and willing hands, pulled out of the lift, and transferred to the cold, dark cell with its dismal accompaniment of plank-bed and dreary whitewashed walls.

The layer of rubbish only goes as far as the shaded part.

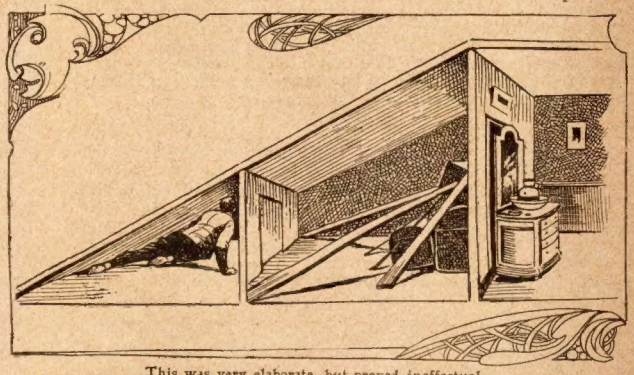
One very amusing instance of a criminal and his would-be capturer going into hiding within a few feet of each other comes to mind. The workmen who rented allotment gardens on the outskirts of a large provincial town nightly found their plots despoiled. Vegetables, etc., vanished in the most alarming fashion, and, though the police were appealed to time and again, no one was ever arrested. At last one of the workmen decided to watch for himself. He had finished a hard day's work on the railway, and had put in a couple of hours' work on the garden. After this he walked home for supper, and then about midnight retraced his steps to his garden. Naturally, he was very tired, but he was keen on catching the thief, and thought that his anxiety would keep him awake. As he walked across his garden he passed within a foot of the thief, who had, at the approach of the gardener, concealed himself in a basket which had been thrown under the hedge. The gardener entered the little hut which he had built for himself, and sat himself down to wait events. Inside the basket the thief, momentarily expecting detection, swore vigorously under his breath, but dared not move. So the time passed, the gardener for an hour or so keeping a vigilant watch. At last however, nature had its way, and he began to nod. Soon he fell fast asleep, and then the cramped thief was gladdened by hearing prolonged snores coming from the direction of the hut. He waited a few minutes; the snores increased in violence. Then he carefully crept out of the basket, and, with great daring, picked his way to the hut, where the thoroughly exhausted gardener was dead asleep. The thief sought to be revenged on the man who had put him to so much inconvenience and given him such a fright, and took a daring course. He slowly unlaced the boots of the sleeping man, took them off, and vanished with them into the night. The gardener's consternation and dismay when he awoke in the morning can be better imagined than described.



The above illustrates the internal economy of a supposed piano packed box.

More than once a burglar fleeing from justice has found sanctuary in a hollow tree, but perhaps the most uncomfortable hiding place was that of the man who a few years ago sought refuge in a dustbin. Knowing that the police were likely to look for him at any moment, he dug two holes in the side of the dust holder in his back garden, and with the wooden top of a barrel, which was laden with refuse, he prepared for their coming. When the police arrived at his house he dived into the bin and placed the wood and garbage above him. There he thought he was safe, and, doubtless, he would have been but for the fact that the policemen spotted the breathing holes. The result was that they very soon hauled him out.

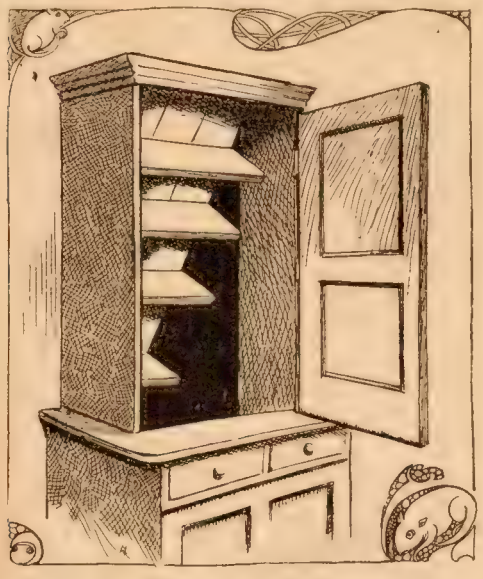
In Paris last year a gang of thieves adopted a most ingenious plan in order to successfully carry out their nefarious designs. They obtained the framework of a piano and fitted it, minus the legs and base, inside the familiar wooden case in which these particular musical instruments are packed.



This was very elaborate, but proved ineffectual.

The bottom of the case was weighted with a thick sheet of lead. In the space between what should have been the keyboard and the bottom of the box one of the gang concealed himself, whilst others put the "piano" on a cart, drawn by a pony, and proceeded on their venture. Arriving at a place

which had previously been marked down for robbery (always a public-house), the men went inside and asked to be allowed to stow their cargo for the night. They invariably arrived pretty late, and explained that the pony could go no farther



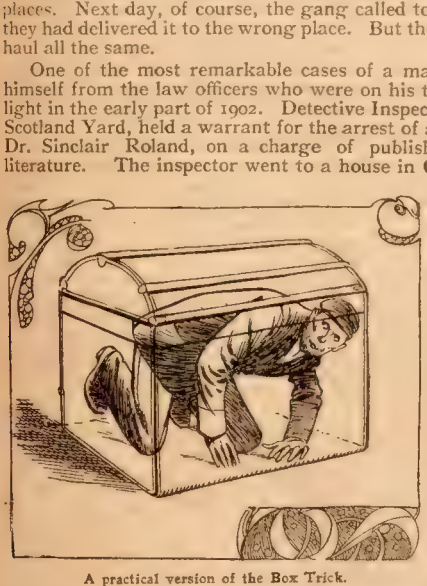
The cupboard and the swinging shelves.

with the load, and that it was much too late to deliver the piano.

Permission having been granted, the piano was unloaded and the men departed. So far so good. When all in the house had retired to rest, the hidden thief, sliding back a couple of the boards which formed the case, crept out from his concealment, "lifted" everything that was valuable, packed it in the case, and returned to it when his work was completed.

Next morning the rest of the gang would call for the piano and cart it away to their den, where the plunder was shared. In the summer Paris flats are often left in charge of caretakers, and the piano was frequently delivered at these places. Next day, of course, the gang called to explain that they had delivered it to the wrong place. But they made their haul all the same.

One of the most remarkable cases of a man concealing himself from the law officers who were on his track came to light in the early part of 1902. Detective Inspector Arrow, of Scotland Yard, held a warrant for the arrest of a man named Dr. Sinclair Roland, on a charge of publishing obscene literature. The inspector went to a house in Cambridge, a large establishment standing in its own grounds. He was told that the man he was in search of had gone to London, but the inspector knew better, and proceeded to make a close search. The house was surrounded by policemen, and for three hours Inspector Arrow and other officers probed here and there without result. At last, however, he inspected a billiard-room which was at the top of the house. At one side of the room a heavy washing-stand occupied a prominent position. This struck the inspector as being somewhat curious, and he ordered it to be removed. When this had been done, a small door in the wall was disclosed. The door was forced open, and the inside gave it the appearance of a cupboard. But the lynx eyes of the detective saw that the back was hinged. This, too, was forced, but there was a barricade on the other side. Two large trunks, a number of heavy planks, and some iron rods prevented progress, but after these had been displaced, the inspector climbed through the débris into another room. Opposite him in the wall was another small door, and on this being forced, a man was found crouched up against the rafters of the room. There was only room for one man to pass, but Sergeant Badcock, one of the searchers, tackled the fugitive, and after a desperate struggle overpowered him. The man proved to be Dr. Sinclair Roland. He died an hour later in the police cells from apoplexy. At the inquest it was stated that he was sixty years of age, and that for many years he had lived as a swindler.



A practical version of the Box Trick.

The shelves which our artist has illustrated formed the entrance to another artful hiding-place. It was used by a criminal of the olden times, who had a sort of cell built for him behind the cupboard in which the shelves were placed. As will be seen from the sketch, the shelves were hinged at the top, and could be swung open at will.

A travelling trunk with an artful series of air holes has often been used by hotel thieves in carrying out their operations. The trunk with its human contents were deposited in the stock-rooms of hotels, and when all was quiet the thief crept out and ransacked the stock which the commercial travellers had stored there. Until the dodge was discovered, the kind thieves who worked it netted a large amount of money.

Our Capital Offences.

CONTRARY to general belief, murder and treason are not the only crimes for which the punishment of death is permitted by English law. If we exclude the crimes which may be visited with death under the Army Act, and the Navy Discipline Act, and which include such offences as striking an officer, or sleeping on sentry-go, there are still five breaches of the law which may be followed by a professional introduction to Messrs. Billington. These are murder and high treason, of course, and in addition, piracy, attempts to destroy public arsenals or dockyards, and arson within the limits of the Port of London. It is easy to understand why piracy is a capital offence, inasmuch as it generally involves loss of life, though it is in itself an "act of war" and not murder. Attempts to destroy arsenals are, in reality, attempts to take away from the nation the means of defending herself, and must be punished as high treason, while the destruction of dockyards would render our navy practically inoperative. Why, however, arson within the limits of the Port of London should be a more heinous crime than arson in the most crowded part of the slums, or in the ports of Bristol or Hull, is a mystery, unless we regard the law as a relic of the days when to disparage the Port of London was to cast discredit on the nation, and any attempt to destroy or endanger vessels lying there was a serious menace to the commercial prosperity of the Metropolis.

Hanging Children.

WHEN, in the year 1890, the lad Richard Davies was hanged for the murder of his father at Crewe, there was a great outcry at the barbarity of inflicting the extreme penalty of the law on one so young, for he was but nineteen years old. In the early part of last century, however, age mattered little when it was a question of hanging somebody, and the legal infant, who was held to be utterly incapable of knowing what he was doing when he signed his name to a receipt, or gave an order for goods, was considered perfectly capable of understanding the heinousness of every offence against the law of the land. He was regarded as being born with a complete knowledge of the criminal law and its knotty points, but with a mind barren of the veriest ideas of civil law. As late as 1831 a tiny boy of nine years old was openly hanged at Chelmsford for having set fire to a house at Witham, it being far from certain that the child knew what he was doing. In the days of George II. it was no uncommon thing for children below ten years of age to be hanged, and on one occasion ten of them were strung up together, as a warning to men and a spectacle for angels. In 1833, the death sentence was passed on a lad of nine for housebreaking, but, at the earnest solicitation of the people of Maidstone, the barbarous sentence was not carried out. Shortly after that the law realised that its own dignity was outraged by taking cognisance of such juvenile offenders when charged with grave crimes, and it became unfashionable to put them to the bar on capital charges. The treatment of the errant children in the recent outbreak of child-murderers is a sample of how the law regards such precocious sinning in the present day.

A Tragedy of Reality.

BEATRICE EWING KILLS HER HUSBAND, AN ACTOR, ON THE STAGE.

"Belike this show imports the argument of the play."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Hamlet," Act III., Scene 2.

THIS is a tragedy within a tragedy, a drama within a drama, a story of the stage which is not of the stage, because all the paint is washed from the actors' faces, and all the property passions are consigned to momentary oblivion. Let us see how the mimes, who writhe nightly under mimic afflictions and impulses, and weep mock tears over sham sorrows, behave themselves when drawn into the meshes of tragedy in reality.

It is interesting to note how a man who dies nightly for his supper, accompanied by slow music and beautiful sentiments, actually behaves when the life breath rattles in the throat; it is instructive to mark how the heroine, who confesses a consuming passion seven times a week (six times if there is no matinée on Saturday), and who depicts for an audience's diversion the pangs of jealousy and hate, comports herself in the throes of a love that does not enter her bosom at the bidding of the prompter; in short, it should be an interesting spectacle to witness professional tragedians act in a real tragedy, and as our story progresses it is our intention to unfold such a picture to the reader.

Some sixty-five years ago the Bowery Theatre, New York, was owned by a Mr. Hamblin, a respectable actor, a clever manager, and the proud possessor of a beautiful daughter.

Beatrice Hamblin, at the age of six, was acclaimed by "press and public" (we quote from her father's advertisements) as the most gifted child in the world. She was acclaimed an infant phenomenon, much in the same fashion as the daughter of Mr. Vincent Crummles (familiar to all students of "Nicholas Nickleby") was exploited by her fond and admiring parent, and generally proved, in the jargon of the stage, "a safe draw." Her mother died in giving her birth, and she had no relations but her father, who brought the child up in an atmosphere of pigments, spangles, orange peel and prompt books.

At an extremely early age she essayed with marked success such parts as the betrayed woman's baby, an infant lost in the snow, and the crowning happiness of the comic Irishman and his equally comic wife.

When she was expected to cry in the snow, or to scream, because she had an infantine presentiment that the villain was no hero, and contemplated murder, she was carefully pinched.

Mr. Hamblin secreted himself on several occasions at the back of the gallery for the purpose of viewing the effect the infant's screams had upon the audience.

"Wonderful lung power that child has!" testified her father. "I saw three women in tears!"

"Yes," assented Adelina Egerton, the leading lady, "it's all right when you're not too near."

"But the pathos!—it wrings their 'eart-strings!" cried the ecstatic father, whose "h's" were conspicuous on the stage, but who left his grammar with other properties in his dressing-room.

In due time, when little Beatrice grew older, she was promoted to parts of importance, until we find her at the age of eighteen sharing with Adelina Egerton, who, like Tennyson's brook, "went on for ever," the honours of leading lady.

Beatrice was tall, with well-defined features; her figure was somewhat slim, her hair a rich russet brown, shot here and there with a glimpse of gold, her eyes were violet, her eyelashes dark and long, and her complexion white. She had a passionate mouth.

The girl's education had been peculiar and circumscribed within narrow limits. She knew all the dramatic authors off by heart, could recite the parts of Lady Macbeth, Belvidera, Jane Shore, Mrs Haller, and Ophelia without the slightest error; and yet in no way appreciated the poetic beauty of the lines she mouthed with such excellent effect, nor the pathos of Otway's single contribution to the heroines of immortal fancy

When she first appeared in "Venice Preserved," she is said to have electrified her audience by her acting in the final scene, where Belvidera dies by her own hand; and yet when she left the stage the following dialogue took place between herself and Adelina Egerton:

"Do you like the part, my dear?" asked the elder actress.

"Do I? It's just fine!"

"You fetched 'em."

"I think so. Ain't papa pleased! It's 'The Stranger' to-morrow night."

"Think you've got that scream?"

"I'm a bit nervous."

"You must try it on with me."

So Beatrice, who had just died as Belvidera, accompanied by tears and sobs, straightway banished the suffering Venetian wife from her mind, and essayed, in the company of Angelina Egerton to infuse the proper thrill into the historic scream with which Mrs. Haller meets the mournful hero of Kotzebue's old play.

Apart from dramatic literature, Beatrice was unread in the commonest authors and illiterate. She had no thought above gaining a round of applause, no aspirations, little refinement, and no delicacy.

So we find her, a beautiful girl of eighteen, a clever actress, who has assumed with success the rôle of every heroine in her father's repertoire, who has never been scorched by passion, love or hate; a woman in stage-craft, a child in experience of life and human emotions. We shall see all this change, and behold the actress transformed into the woman.

About this time the Bowery Theatre was in want of a "leading gentleman," and for some considerable period the company was thrown into great disorder by the inability of Manager Hamblin to discover a thoroughly efficient actor to fill the vacancy.

Leading gentlemen came, and leading gentlemen went; one was fit for nothing but light juveniles, another's method was unmistakably that of an accomplished villain, which threw the audience into lamentable anxiety as to whom they were expected to extend their moral sympathy to; and a third insisted upon treading the stage in a chronic state of inebriation. This personage, as Othello, so far forgot his part as to remove with the back of his hand a quantity of the black which obscured his features. This spoilt Beatrice's best scene, so the Bowery Theatre once more advertised for "a leading gentleman who could play heavy parts."

One afternoon Manager Hamblin rushed home and informed his daughter that he had made a bright discovery.

"What is it, pa?"

"A lead!"

"Not like the other one, I hope?"

"No; the real thing this time."

Beatrice, who was studying, *i.e.*, committing to memory, a new rôle, threw the greasy book on to the table.

"Well, pa, what's he like?"

"Handsome, young and clever. He will go far. I shan't keep him long."

"So good as that?"

"Real splendid!"

"Anybody seen him but you?"

"Adelina and the company."

"What did Adelina say?"

"It's born natural in him. I tell you, it's a cop!"

"Adelina said that."

"Straight! Montague's that jealous!"

"Montague can go and hang himself, pa! He tried to kiss me last night."

Her father paid little attention to his daughter's remarks, he was too engrossed in the magnitude of his new discovery.

Beatrice felt rather curious to see what this wonderful young man was like.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Ewing—William Ewing."

"When shall I see him?"

"In half an hour. He's coming here."

"Well, you might have told me before!"

Beatrice, who was attired in a freely stained dressing-gown, hurried from the room, put her hair into a net, and slipped into a best dress. She was just powdering her cheeks when she heard her father talking to Mr. Ewing in the next room.

She found him a tall, handsome man, with the mobile face of an actor, black hair that clustered in ebony ringlets around a high, pale forehead, and fine, expressive eyes. His manner was exceedingly engaging, his personality the most charming Beatrice had ever met. What she did not notice,

She returned the kisses.

but what was plain to more discriminating observers, was that the man had the face of a sensualist, and that egotism and self-adoration was apparent in all he did or said.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Ewing," said Manager Hamblin, by way of introduction.

"I am charmed to meet her!"

"We shall have to act a lot together, you know," said Beatrice; "some of my best scenes are with you. I hope you don't mind."

"I shall be delighted! You will give me inspiration, Miss Hamblin!"

Beatrice smiled. This man was a courtier off the stage.

"When do you start?"

"Next Monday."

"What's the piece?"

"'The Stranger.' I play the title rôle."

"Ah, then you will have to love me. I am Mrs. Haller."

By Monday evening, when Ewing duly appeared at the Bowery, and was voted by common acclamation the greatest discovery Hamblin had made for many a long day, Beatrice and her new friend were on the most familiar terms. They called each other by their Christian names, and the girl had gone so far as to take a sip of brandy out of Ewing's glass.

After the play she found herself in his arms, being kissed with all that ardour which stage lovers had so often assumed for her, but which she had never experienced in reality.

She was still dressed as Mrs. Haller, in a loose robe open at the neck, with her hair tumbling in wild and tragic disorder about her pale, beautiful shoulders. She was so startled by Ewing's onslaught that for a moment she could do nothing but submit to be kissed, but gathering her senses, she quickly freed herself from his embrace.

"Why do you kiss me?" she asked, looking up into his face with laughing eyes.

"Because I feel that I love you."

"Love me! William, you are not on the stage now."

"Darling, I am serious. I love you more than words can tell."

There was a short silence. Her bosom heaved with a new emotion, there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes, and her heart throbbed—throbbed as it had never throbbed before, not even at her first triumph, when her father led her before the curtain, and flowers and plaudits were rained down upon her in all the abundance of fresh enthusiasm.

"You are not angry?" said Ewing.

"Not angry! Oh, no, only very surprised."

"Surprised that I love you?"

"Yes, very."

"Has nobody ever told you before that they loved you, Beatrice?"

"Oh, yes—but then that was different. One expects such things."

"Why is it different?"

"I don't know. I feel it is somehow."

"I will tell you why. Because you feel the sincerity of my words, you feel I love you, because—dare I say it?—because you love me."

He caught her in his arms as he spoke, pressed her to his heart, and covered her trembling lips with kisses. She swayed in his embrace, turned away her face for a moment, and then with a half sob twined her warm, white arms around his neck, and returned the kisses with all the ardour and ecstasy that had for so long lain inert and sterile in her beautiful young being.

That passionate mouth was carved for kissing; those large, tear-suffused eyes were rounded for the expression of love, deep as their own violet depths; that swelling bosom, so supple, so pliant, and yet so girlish, was formed to hide the mystery, the gladness, and the sorrow of a great passion.

Beatrice had found her vocation, which was not to act, but to love.

William Ewing, who was a handsome enough fellow of a certain order, and who was therefore inured to cheap triumphs over the easily assailable virtue of spectacular ladies, who carried banners in pantomimes and ballets, was surprised, nay, even startled, by the vehemence, the complete abandonment of self and reserve with which Beatrice, young, beautiful, and comparatively innocent, succumbed to his addresses. He considered himself the luckiest of men, and admired his own profile more than ever.

Manager Hamblin was so taken up with the triumph of the evening, the loaded coffers in the box-office, and the flattering rush for to-morrow night's tickets, that he was blind to the love-making; and although Beatrice was pale and silent at supper that night, he considered this to be no more than the natural outcome of unwonted endeavours, for he was forced to admit that during her career she had never acted as she had done that evening, which fact he attributed to the stimulus of Ewing's genius.

Things went on like this for some time with impunity, but Ewing became more daring and open in his advances and demands. The climax came, when, one evening, overcome by an ungovernable fit of passion, he forced the door of Beatrice's dressing-room, and rushed in upon her in déshabille.

She was but half-dressed, and with frightened eyes begged of him to leave the apartment at once.

"It is not right for you to see me like this."

"My God, I have the only right. I love you. Surely that is enough."

He held her in his arms in her light, half-open gown, and kissed her till she felt her lips burn and her brain swim with the subtle infection of passion.

"Oh, what will become of me!"

There were tears in her eyes and tears in her voice; she shook with emotion. With a wild, half hysterical gesture she stretched out her bare white arms, as if to ward her lover from her breast, and then with a shudder of ecstasy intermingled with pain, they closed round his neck, and she drew his head down to her bosom.

Her struggle was finished; blood conquered mind; she surrendered her being into his keeping.

That night she went through her part as one acting in a dream.

Her father noticed this, and thought it denoted idleness and lack of attention.

"My dear, your acting was horrible to-night," he said.

"Was it, father? I felt tired."

"If you don't improve I shall have to bring Angelina back," he added jocularly.

She took his words quite seriously.

"I wish you would."

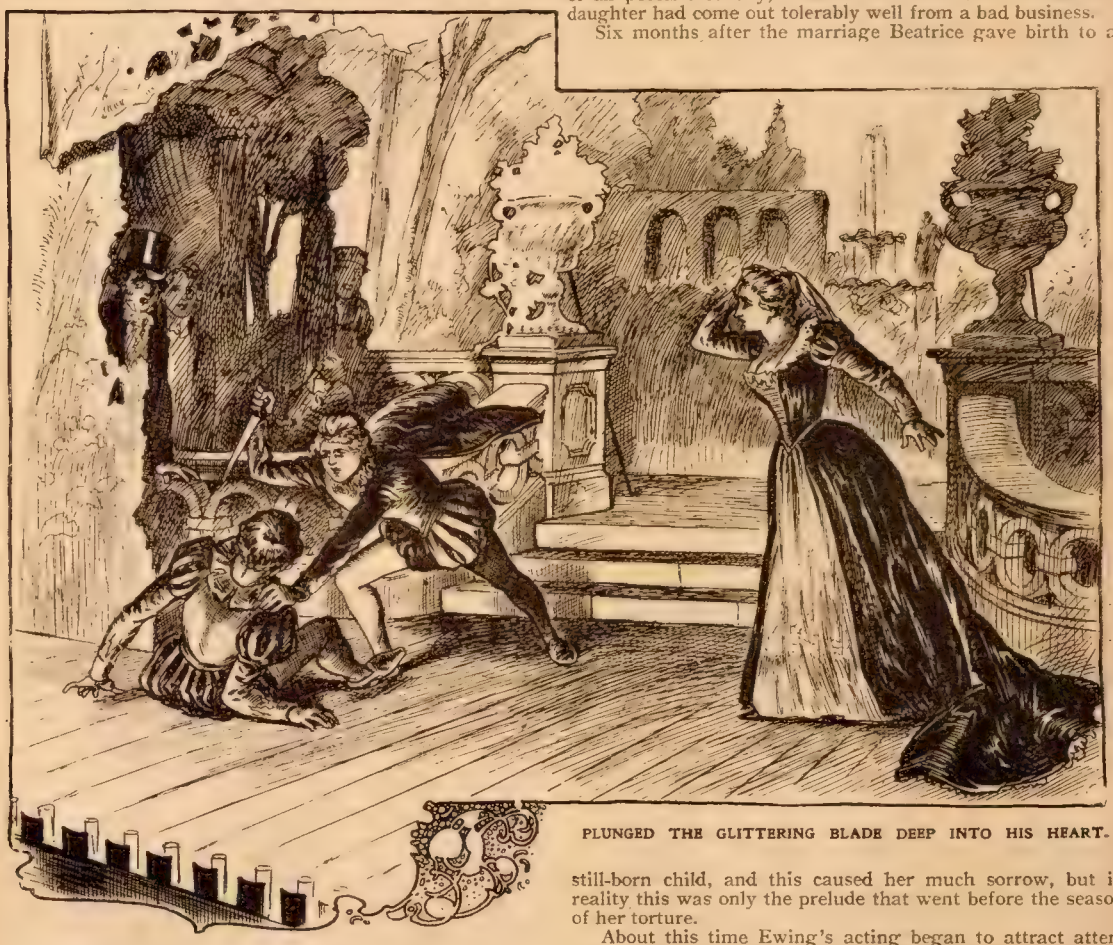
Her father jumped up from his chair.

"Wish I would. Are you mad, girl?"

"No! Only I think I'm tired of acting. Saying the same things over and over again. I don't know, I suppose I'm not well."

"You want a change. I shall send you away for a time."

"Send me away. Oh, no, father, you wouldn't do that."



PLUNGED THE GLITTERING BLADE DEEP INTO HIS HEART.

She spoke as if the entire world depended upon her remaining in the Bowery.

Her father said nothing, but this sudden change of tone in his daughter when threatened with a holiday did not escape his notice. He determined to wait and watch; that something was a-foot, as the phrase goes, he felt certain; something that was sadly demoralising the docile peace of Beatrice's mind.

It did not take him very long to discover what the mysterious "something" was.

He saw her one day in the arms of Ewing. He said nothing at the time, did not indeed allow either of the lovers to know that their conduct had been witnessed, but subsequently he questioned Beatrice, and received from her a full confession.

Manager Hamblin went straight to Ewing and asked him what were the nature of his intentions.

The young man found himself in a difficult position.

"I love your daughter, Mr. Hamblin. I wish to marry her," he said.

Under ordinary circumstances Hamblin would have kicked the penniless actor out of his theatre, but knowing as he did that Beatrice expected a baby, he replied shortly:

"Very well, the marriage will take place on Thursday."

Young Ewing did not know whether to feel gratified or disconsolate at the sudden prospect of hymeneal bliss; by nature he detested the limitations imposed upon a man by marriage, but on the other hand he reflected that Beatrice was a nice enough girl, that his own banking account was nil, but that Manager Hamblin was reputed to have amassed a very respectable little fortune.

Contrasting one point of view with its antithesis, he finally concluded that he was rather a lucky fellow, and accordingly went to the altar with a good grace.

Beatrice, on her part, felt she had reached the topmost height of happiness; was, in fact, exalted into the empyrean of all possible felicity, whilst her father reflected that his daughter had come out tolerably well from a bad business.

Six months after the marriage Beatrice gave birth to a still-born child, and this caused her much sorrow, but in reality this was only the prelude that went before the season of her torture.

About this time Ewing's acting began to attract attention in wider circles than usually visited the Bowery Theatre. It was noised abroad that an actor of unusual talents was performing at the Bowery. Flattering notices of his efforts appeared in the columns of journals which had hitherto ignored Hamblin's place of entertainment.

On a temperament such as Ewing's this flattery necessarily had an evil effect; it strengthened his self-love and heightened his arrogance. He became peremptory in his manner towards Hamblin, and forgot how to make love to his wife.

He was approached by several enterprising managers, who offered him terms greatly exceeding those which he at present received, and he speedily closed with the most advantageous proposal, which was to tour the States with his own repertoire and company under the management of David Bonson. He went straight to Hamblin and told him he was about to leave.

"And what about Beatrice?" said the old man.

"She comes with me."

The young wife herself did not know whether to be grieved or overjoyed at the sudden change in their circumstances. She felt delighted at the rising fortunes of her beloved husband, but, on the other hand, confessed to a vague indescribable doubt which ached in her bosom and whispered to her heart, "Will he always love me?"

The day of their departure from the Old Bowery contained only one incident worthy of note. Early in the morning Beatrice was told that Mr. Richard Montague wanted to see her.

Ewing had gone out to prepare for the journey, and Beatrice told the servant to show Mr. Montague up.

This man was an obscure member of the Bowery Company, who was notoriously the slave of Beatrice's whim. The girl rather pitied him, and showed him more favour than she extended to his compeers.

As he entered the room, his appearance was strikingly pitiable. He was tall and very thin; his cheeks were sunken and his face pale; misery, despair, and suffering shone in his eyes.

"Well, Richard, what is it you want?" said Beatrice.

"A favour; I have come to ask a favour."

"What is it? If I can do it, you know I will."

"You can."

"Well?"

"You are going away?"

"To-day."

"I know. Take me with you."

"Take you with me?"

"Yes; let me be one of the company. Oh, do! I know I'm not clever, but I'll act for next to nothing, only take me with you."

Beatrice was touched by the man's piteous appeal.

"I will speak to my husband," she said. "I will do my best for you. You shall know in an hour's time."

It happened that Ewing was short of a man, and that Richard Montague had a reputation for cheapness and general utility, so that he received a welcome mandate to join Ewing's "crowd" in an hour's time.

The company went on tour; William Ewing, the "famous New York tragedian," was "starred," and acclaimed in every district "a gigantic success."

And now we have to relate how the actor and the actress played in a tragedy that was not of the stage.

William Ewing began to see that he would have to procure another leading lady. Beatrice was all very well for the Old Bowery, but, as the papers said, she lacked strength and inspiration.

He himself was a genius. Oh, he quite recognised that fact; the name of Ewing, he knew, was destined to shine higher in the theatrical firmament than those of Garrick, Kemble, and Kean. What he wanted was adequate support, an actress of more than distinction, an actress capable of continually playing up to his lead.

Amelia Cartwright, fresh from Boston triumphs, was sent for post haste, and, the day before she was expected to arrive, Beatrice was informed of the change. She was sadly troubled by the news at first, but took it very quietly.

"Very well, dear," she said; "of course you know best."

"I shall want you to act all the same, Beatrice."

"Yes, you must give me some parts to learn."

Poor child, she had played leading lady for years, and now, at her husband's bidding, she was forced to study chambermaids, the Queen in "Hamlet," Emilia in "Othello," Charmian in "Antony and Cleopatra," and other secondary rôles.

Her prompt books were blotted with secret tears.

Amelia Cartwright arrived on the scene, and proved to be a beautiful woman with pale amber hair, full red lips, and a wonderful voice. She took very little notice of Beatrice, whom she regarded as a pretty nonentity, but was very charming to Ewing.

And now came the season of Beatrice's torture. For hours she was doomed to silence on the stage whilst her much-loved husband poured passion into another woman's—and that woman a handsome one—ear, she saw them kiss, cajole, and caress each other; at times, when their lips met, she could hardly restrain the cry of pain that custom stifled in her throat.

Oh, the agony, the heartburning, the silent tears of this period.

Only one other person noticed it, and that was Richard Montague, who loved Beatrice so much that his heart discerned every throb in her bosom, every thought that ached in her poor tortured brain. But the climax had not yet come. Ewing took to openly making love to Amelia, and insulting his wife. He spent nights away from Beatrice in the company of his new love at the latter's lodgings. His wife remonstrated, when he sneered at her, and occasionally indulged his passion in a blow. All this was common knowledge, and with the exception of Richard Montague they one and all treated Ewing's wife with scorn and contempt. Amelia was their real mistress; they fawned upon her, and obeyed her slightest whim; but Beatrice, the ignominious, the jest of her husband, the joke of her husband's paramour, what was she? Certainly not worthy of their respect or civility.

At last the climax came.

What led up to it we have not described, for it took place in Beatrice's private room; suffering, love, hatred, jealousy and madness all took their place in that unhappy breast; they killed the docile child in her, and their mingled elements strengthened her hand to hold the dagger.

The play was "Carmerlengo," Ewing was the husband, Amelia the beautiful Syren, and Beatrice the betrayed wife, who, disguised as a page, stabs the guilty object of her love.

Before the play there had been a quarrel. Beatrice had remonstrated, Amelia had laughed, and Ewing had insulted.

"It shall end," said Beatrice, and had exchanged the property dagger for one of actual steel and point.

The play began, and Beatrice acted as she had never acted before. The audience was electrified, and Ewing astonished. Everyone in the company, with the exception of Richard Montague, who seemed curiously ill at ease, confessed to surprise.

All the pent up passion of her wronged life, all the sorrow, the madness, the hate, and the despair, became infused into the unhappy woman's art. It was not acting, it was reality.

Then came the final scene.

The wife, disguised as the page, creeps into the room; the lovers are together.

"I am not what I seem, a puling boy, slave of your patronage; nay, but a woman—a woman and your wife; a wife by woe; divorced from barren womanhood and love; married, ay, married to eternal hate—hate and an awful vengeance!"

These words thrilled from Beatrice. She appeared a demoniacal fury rather than a gentle woman as she rushed across the stage, a dagger gleaming in her hand. She tore the lovers apart. The man wrestled with her. He slipped and fell. With a wild laugh she plunged the glittering blade into his breast. The curtain fell to tumults of applause, but it did not rise in spite of the continued plaudits.

Why? Because Ewing lay dead upon the stage, a dagger sticking in his heart, and his life blood oozing through his crumpled jerkin. The scene was one of the wildest confusion. Women ran hither and thither, screaming and bewailing the accident. A doctor was sent for.

Beatrice stood, pale and trembling, in the centre of the stage, staring like one in a dreadful trance at her awful handiwork; the dead man with the grin on his lips, the paint on his face, and the blood welling from his heart. Suddenly fear seized her, and she flew to her dressing-room.

"Close all the doors," cried Bonson, the manager. "This is no accident, this is murder!"

Beatrice turned like a hunted child, half frantic, and whimpering in her little room. She had locked her door, but already the crowd outside demanded admittance. She would be captured and hanged! Oh, she was too young to die. The window! In a moment she had opened it and sprang into the street. She jumped over ten feet.

Now, a woman half demented, and attired in a page's costume, is not an everyday sight in the streets of the city of St. Louis, but, strangely enough, Beatrice was never apprehended.

Richard Montague also disappeared, which, perhaps, explains half the mystery.

A Judge's Sensibility.

When Lord Kenyon was on the Home Circuit a young woman was tried before him for having stolen articles of the value of forty shillings from a dwelling-house. It was her first offence, and was attended with many extenuating circumstances. The prosecutor appeared, as he stated, from a sense of duty, the witnesses very reluctantly gave their evidence, and the jury, still more reluctantly, their verdict of guilty. The case excited great interest in court. The judge passed sentence of death, and on hearing it the poor girl fell dead at the bar. Lord Kenyon, whose sensibilities were not impaired by the sad duties of his office, cried out in great agitation from the bench: "I don't mean to hang you! Will nobody tell the prisoner I don't mean to hang her?" But she was beyond the sound of human voice.

HOW THEY SNATCHED MY BODY.

TOLD BY A SURVIVOR.

"Come;
I'll fill your grave up; stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you."

—SHAKESPEARE, "Winter's Tale," Act V., Scene 3.

IT was in the year 1828 that a number of crimes were perpetrated in the North of Britain which added a word to our language, handed down to the present day through the medium of our slang dictionaries. It was a proper noun manufactured into a verb, and here is the derivation which appeared in a clever compilation of "Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words," by the late Harry Sampson, "Founder of the *Referee*":

"Burke," to kill, to murder secretly and without noise, by means of strangulation.—From Burke, the notorious Edinburgh murderer, who, with an accomplice named Hare, used to decoy people into a den he inhabited and then killed them, selling their bodies for dissection. The wretches having been apprehended and tried, Burke was executed, while Hare, having turned King's evidence, was released. The term "Burke" is now usually applied to any project that is quietly stopped or stifled—as "the question has been 'burked.'" A book suppressed before publication is said to be "burked."

A more graphic pen than mine has already told the tale of the fearful crimes of these two arch-ruffians in all its gruesome and appalling details, and has described their ghastly traffic in the bodies of their victims. It is with the men who gave these wretches the idea of making corpses that I propose here to deal.

I knew Hare, not as a companion, but by sight only, although he never saw me. As a matter of fact he stood upon a bridge crossing the Thames for many years begging and mumbling, "Pity the poor blind." But of all that my readers have read under the exciting story of "Burke and Hare," in these pages.

In this short contribution, however, I desire to take my readers back a few years before these notorious "Resurrectionists" came upon the scene and sent a thrill through the land.

The facts are before me in the shape of an old, neatly-written MSS., which was written in the year 1824, exactly four years prior to the Burke and Hare atrocities. It was just at the zenith of this body-snatching mania, for it was just prior to the confession of Bishop, the most notorious and celebrated body-snatcher, perhaps, who ever existed, that he had dealt with some thousand corpses, declaring at his trial that all were obtained after death.

My story, however, will describe the experiences of the quick and not the dead, and I shall give it (with a few omissions too terrible for relation) as it was left.

Curiously enough the document is dated from Leith (near Edinburgh, the birthplace of the Burke and Hare crimes), and was enclosed in a parchment envelope, sealed with a plentiful amount of red wax, and bore the inscription:

HOW I WAS BURIED ALIVE.

By Me (Deceased)

To ——— Solicitors

Leith

N.B.

This packet to be opened twelve months after my demise.

£25 to my youngest relation who is nearest and who can read the contents of this.

The contents were as follows:

In spite of the fearful stories which have been recorded in the British courts of law about the infamous practice of body-snatching (excused as it is on account of the desire to further surgery and anatomical research) that sent a feeling of horror throughout the world, I have an experience to record which will, I feel confident, astonish the men of science. It will, too, I trust—when I am dead and gone—throw some light upon those extraordinary freaks of nature which have puzzled our foremost scientists, and may possibly explain really what the particular—the absolute—period between life and death means.

I am safe in asserting that none of you who may peruse these lines have ever experienced so extraordinary an adventure as that which I shall relate. I do not ask you to believe it, unless you have been in a trance, for none can realise the marvellous mental and physical ordeal without having been controlled by the influences of such a phenomenon.

I trust that no being who may survive me may be subjected to the same awful circumstances.

I must tell you that I had been for some time ill of a low fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the extraordinary part of my ailment was that the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker.

The family doctor was attending me, and I could see by his looks and his general behaviour that he was anxious about my case. He shook his head and called my dearest friend, who was with me at the time, from the room, and when the

"Pity the poor blind.

latter returned I could at a glance see that what the doctor had told him had very much affected his feelings. There were several relations who had not seen me for a considerable time, who had been almost forgotten, calling upon me in the course of a day or two, and the medical man not only came twice daily, but a specialist was called in from Harley Street, and there was a grave consultation.

I felt, intuitively, that there was no hope so far as they thought. Yet, in myself, I never felt better in my life. I had lost the power of speech on the second day of the attack, but, by motioning, it was easy enough to express my desires.

Youth was on my side, but the medical man evidently thought that the malady from which I was suffering would prove fatal, and it was, after the fifth day, evident to me that they had made up their minds where I was to be buried, for I heard them asking about the opening of my family vault in the cemetery of old Paddington Church, where, if all goes well, I shall be resting after this story, of which I am the subject and author, may be published to the world

But, as I was saying, I was apparently very bad—at death's door, in fact—and during the second week of my illness the crisis took place. My feelings were most extraordinary. I had never experienced such an awful feeling before. On this particular day, towards the evening, I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering. There was a sort of rushing sound in my ears, and I suddenly became aware that there were surrounding my death-bed a number of strange people. They were familiar to me in their faces, but I could not discover that they had bodies. All the faces were bright and visionary, but there was no movement. At first a terrible confusion overwhelmed me, and when it passed off, all my recollections returned with the most perfect distinctness. The power of motion, however, had departed.

I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of my nurse said in a low but emphatic tone, "He is dead!"

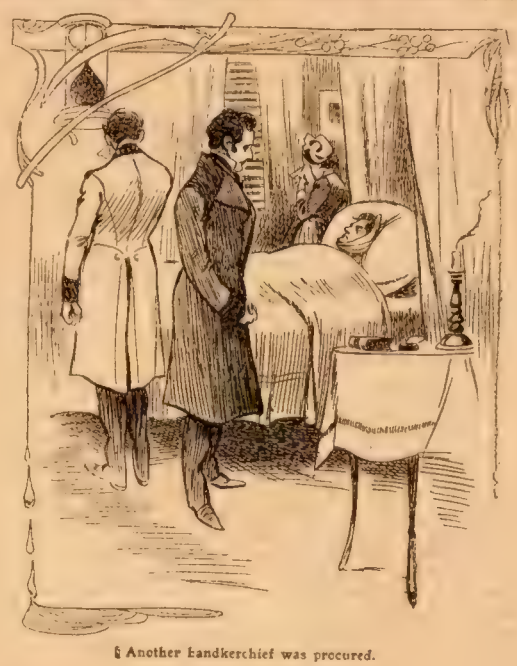
I felt intuitively that there was no hope.

and I felt the drop of some hot tears upon my cheeks, and a handkerchief was lightly thrown over my face.

What I felt at the hearing of these words, and the feeling that possessed me when another handkerchief was procured and tied under my jaw to the top of my head, it is impossible for me to record.

I exerted my utmost power of volition to disturb myself, but I could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause my dearest friend, to whom I have already alluded, drew near, and, sobbing and convulsed with grief, placed with a trembling hand two heavy coins upon my eyes. The world was then darkened, yet I could still hear, feel, and suffer. After my eyes were closed, I heard by the conversation that my friend had left the room, and that the undertaker had come to prepare me with the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they considered a corpse with the most appalling ribaldry. When they laid me out, the wretches retired, and the degrading formality of mourning commenced

For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them in low accents speak of what I was, and more than one touched me with his fingers. On the third day some of them talked of corruption in the room. The coffin was procured. I was lifted and laid in. My friend placed my head upon what was deemed my last pillow, when all who had any peculiar interest in me had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire, and the undertaker's men ad-



Another handkerchief was procured.

justed the lid and screwed it down. There were two of them present. One had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left behind begin to whistle as he turned the screw nail, but he checked himself and completed the work in silence. I was then left alone. Everyone shunned the room. I knew, however, that I was not yet buried. Although in darkness, and motionless, I still had hope. But this was not permitted long. The day of interment came.

I was lifted and laid in.

I felt the coffin lifted and borne away. I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around. Some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move. I knew that it carried me to the grave It halted, and

the coffin was taken out. I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men, by the inequality of motion. A pause ensued. I heard the ropes around the coffin move, and I felt it swing as it was gradually lowered to the bottom of the grave. The cords were dropped upon the lid. I heard them fall. Desperate then were my efforts to move; but my whole frame was out of control. Soon afterwards a few handfuls of earth was thrown upon the coffin. Then there was another pause, after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould as it covered me was far more tremendous than thunder.

I could make no effort, though. The sound became gradually less and less. Then by a certain reverberation of the coffin I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade.

This, too, ceased, and all was silent. I had no means of knowing the lapse of time, and the awful silence continued.

This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain here in the earth until the day of resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care.

In the contemplation of this hideous thought I heard a low and curious sound in the earth over me. I pictured the worms and reptiles were approaching me. I felt that the mole and the rat of the grave would soon be upon me.

The sound continued and grew louder. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect that they have buried me too soon? This hope seemed like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. I was dragged out of the coffin by the head. I felt once again the living air. But it was piercingly cold; and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment, perhaps perdition

When borne to some distance, I was thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment afterwards I found myself upon a carriage, and by the interchange of two or three brief sentences I discovered that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave.

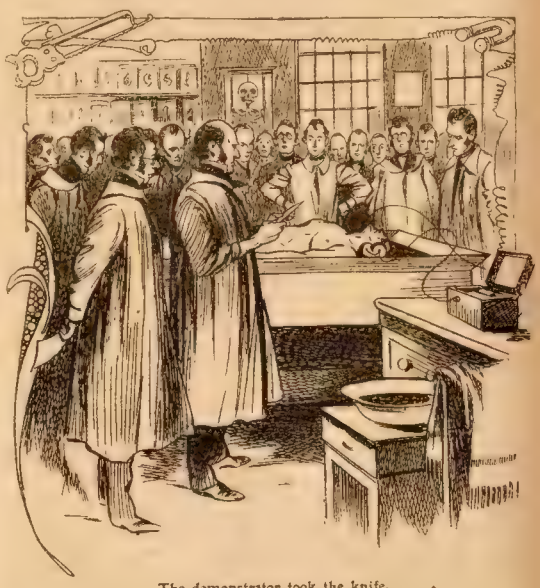
One of the men sang snatches or scraps of obscene songs as the cart rattled over the pavement of the streets. When it

I was dragged out of the coffin.

halted I was lifted out, and I soon perceived by the closeness of the air and the change of temperature that I was carried into a room. I was roughly stripped of my shroud and placed naked upon a table.

The conversation awed me. I heard the rattle of money, and the two body-snatchers (for by this time I knew that these were the men who by the robbery of the grave had saved my life so far) left, saying that I was the best subject they had dealt with for many a long day, and that they thought the doctors should increase their price for such a splendid specimen to dissect

As I heard those words my feelings were indescribable. To be saved from the grave for such a purpose was too terrible. Although my eyes were closed and I could see nothing, I heard by the bustle in the room that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table and



The demonstrator took the knife.

examined me minutely. They were delighted to find a subject in such perfect preservation. At length the professor arrived.

I heard him tell the students that previously to commencing the dissection he had determined to try a galvanic experiment. An apparatus was accordingly arranged, and a shock was given to me. The first vibrated throughout my nerves, and I could tell by the exclamations of the students that the effect had astonished them. As the galvanic battery was applied I felt all my muscles and nerves jingle like the strings of a harp that had been clutched. The students again and again shouted their expressions of admiration at the convulsive effect produced. The second shock threw my eyes open.

The very first person whom I saw was the very doctor who had attended me. But, still, I was as dead. I could, however, discover among the students many faces familiar to me. It was evident, too, that these students recognised me, for they pronounced my name with an accent of awe and compassion, and had the goodness to wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had been satisfied with the galvanic phenomenon, the demonstrator took the knife and pierced me on the bosom with the point.

I felt a dreadful crackling, as it were, throughout my whole frame A convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror arose from all present.

The ice of death was broken up—my trance was ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.

My life was saved through the crime of "body-snatching."

He Knocked It Out.

Mr James Ferguson, a celebrated Scotch advocate, was a very eloquent speaker, and was very energetic in his speeches, sometimes striking the table violently with his clenched fist, in order to clinch an argument. He was once arguing a case before Lord Polkemmet with great vigour, when the judge interrupted him with this remark: "Maister Jemmy, dinna dunt; ye may think ye're dunting it intill me, but ye're juist dunting it oot o' me, mon."

THE CRIME AT CHATHAM.

How ELIZABETH LAWS—a girl of eighteen—murdered an old lady named Bacon at Chatham in 1855, and the astounding verdict returned by the jury at the trial.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity: pity 'tis 'tis true!"
—SHAKESPEARE, "Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2.

A VERY remarkable crime, which created enormous excitement at Chatham, Rochester, Maidstone and the surrounding districts, was perpetrated on the person of one Catherine Bacon, in the month of January, 1855. The circumstances were in themselves quite removed from the ordinary, and, in addition, the individual suspected of this atrocious murder was a young girl of eighteen, who presented the appearance of an innocent child! The evidence brought against this young woman at the trial was of a character which could leave little doubt as to her guilt in the minds of all thinking persons, and yet the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and, though the accused subsequently admitted her guilt, it was impossible to try her again for a crime of which she had been acquitted. Altogether, the case presents some features quite unique in the annals of crime, and is well deserving, by reason of its infamous character, and the remarkable circumstances attending it, a niche in the gallery of past atrocities. In 1855 there resided at Ordnance Terrace, Chatham, an old lady named Catherine Bacon. She was then 78 years of age, and presented a very peculiar appearance, for she was terribly asthmatic, had greatly wasted away, and at the time she met her death, could not have weighed more than four stone. She resided at No. 11, in Ordnance Terrace, alone, except for the companionship of Elizabeth Avis Laws, a girl of 18, who acted as her servant, and who had been in her employ for some little time. This girl was a slight, fragile little thing, looking scarcely more than 14, but, in spite of her child-like appearance, she was in reality a very profligate character, a very example of how vice can lurk in the most unlikely quarters. A life of quiet servitude had no charms for her. She abandoned herself to the most dangerous pleasures, and was a hardened sinner at a time when many girls of a similar age have not yet lost a love for dolls. She had friends amongst the very lowest of the inhabitants of Chatham, not the most sedate of towns, and her cunning and resource were more than equal to those of any abandoned female of twice her age.

Her mistress was found murdered on the morning of January 29, 1855. Elizabeth Laws was suspected and, suspicion growing as various circumstances came to light, this young girl was arrested, and, the evidence against her being very strong, she was ultimately committed for trial. The circumstances surrounding this deed of blood caused very great and general excitement, and led to a lengthened inquiry, but the facts will be most accurately given by an abstract of the trial of the presumed murderess, which took place at the Maidstone Spring Assizes, on March 16, 1855. Mr. Baron Platt was the presiding judge, and the trial had the most startling result.

The first witness called for the Crown was a woman named Hannah Baggett, who supplied the deceased lady with milk, and who went to her house in Ordnance Terrace on the morning of the fateful 29th for that purpose. This person knocked at the front door, and the prisoner, Elizabeth Laws, opened it. She handed her the usual amount of milk in a can, and the prisoner then went down and lifted up the flap of the cellar window. She asked the witness what o'clock it was, and the reply was that it was ten minutes after eight. She did not observe how the prisoner was dressed, for it was a dark morning, and snow was falling rather heavily. Henry Palmer, a young lad, followed this witness, and he deposed that he knew Ordnance Terrace, and that he went there on the morning of Mrs. Bacon's murder. He and another boy were out for the purpose of sweeping the snow from the doors. The two lads knocked at the deceased's door two or three times, but got no answer, and he then rang the bell, and he heard light footsteps inside the house coming along the passage. The door was unbolted by a young girl—the prisoner—and he noticed at once that her throat was cut and that blood was running down her bodice. She either could not or would not speak, but pointed upstairs, and the witness called a railway porter named Samuel Smith, who was passing at the time. The witness had been in the Terrace for some time, and he saw no strangers leave any of the houses while he was about. This boy was followed by John Peason, who was hawking vegetables in Ordnance Terrace that same morning, and he observed the last witness running from No. 11, while the prisoner stood outside the door, with her throat cut and her chin close down upon her chest. He also had seen no strangers about. Dr. Patrick Gammie was surgeon to the 94th Regiment, quartered at Chatham at that time, and he lived in Ordnance Terrace, at No. 5. On the morning of January 29, about half-past nine he was sent for to No. 11, and he found the prisoner crouching on her knees on the floor at the foot of the stairs. He noticed a wound on her throat, but it was not bleeding at that time. He inquired how it had happened and who had done it, suspecting that she had inflicted the wound herself. She attempted to speak, but seemed unable to articulate, and she shook her head and pointed upstairs. Upon this, the army-surgeon directed some men who were standing by to go upstairs and see what was the matter, and two or three went up, and called out that the old lady was lying dead in her bedroom. He then assisted to carry the prisoner into the back parlour, and she was placed on the sofa. He then went upstairs and viewed the body of the old lady, who was quite dead, but had not apparently been deceased very long—about an hour, more or less. There were two wounds upon her head of a very serious character, and three others less important, but all might easily have been caused by the back part of some heavy instrument like an axe. The skull was not fractured, but the outer bone was driven upon the inner in two distinct points, corresponding with the two serious wounds, and they were quite sufficient to cause death. He went down, after a brief examination of the body of the deceased, to the room where Laws was lying, and said to her, "Who has done this?" closing the wound in her throat to enable her to reply. She answered, "Two men who came for dust have done it." The doctor then asked what they had done it with, and she replied, "The cleaver in the cellar," adding that one of the men had cut her throat with a knife in the kitchen, and that they had both gone out of the front door and slammed it after them. Mr. Gammie then went down into the cellar in front of the house and found an axe, which was produced in court. There were blood and hair upon the instrument, and he also observed a track of blood from the cellar to the back door. In the kitchen also was found a large pool of blood near the dresser, but there were no indications of any struggle having taken place there or anywhere. On the dresser, however, was lying a knife with blood upon it. He then saw the prisoner again, and she volunteered the remark, "I am innocent, and I hope no one will accuse me of anything of this sort," but before this Mr. Bacon, a son of the deceased, who had been sent for, said, "This is your doing," or something to that effect. The surgeon examined the wound in the girl's throat, and he came to the conclusion that it was self-inflicted, and that it had been done half-an-hour before he first saw it. He added that the deceased, after receiving one such blow as he had described would not have the power or the capacity to call out or make any alarm. The next witness was one of the constables of Chatham, a man named Barnabas Howe, and he stated that he went to the deceased's house at ten minutes to ten on the morning of the murder. He went into the cellar under the kitchen, and at once noticed a pail and a tea-kettle, the former of which contained some blood-stained water. There was also a piece of flannel dripped with blood

and wet, and an axe, which had blood and several grey hairs upon it. The next day he examined the privy, and found there—Superintendent Everest conducted the search—some articles of clothing. Mr. Martin Bacon, a son of the deceased, and residing within a quarter of a mile of her house, was then called, and he deposed that he believed the prisoner was the daughter of a person who hawked fruit in the streets, but he was not aware under what circumstances she came into the employ of his mother. He had seen the latter last on the evening of January 28, and she was then in her usual health. She usually slept in the back room on the first floor, and the prisoner slept in the room over that. About 9.30 on the morning of the murder he went to the house and found several people there, including the girl Laws, who was lying on the sofa with a wound in the throat. Mr. Bacon asked for his mother, and was referred upstairs, where he found the old lady lying on the floor, with two wounds on the forehead, and he felt some more wounds on the back part of the head. He saw that the face had been washed, but not rinsed off, and some bloody water remained. He went down to the back parlour to put some questions to the prisoner, and when he asked, "Who did this?" she replied, "Two men—two dustmen." He asked how they did it, and she described the men as "rushing in," one taking her mistress into the cellar and the other dragging her into the kitchen. Asked how they were dressed, she said one wore fustian and the other was in some dark raiment, adding that the one who took her into the kitchen had cut her throat. Mr. Atkinson, a surgeon in the 1st Royals, confirmed Mr. Gammie's evidence, and stated that whilst examining the prisoner a small packet of paper fell from her breast, and that it was found to contain a brooch and a ring belonging to the deceased woman. Mr. Thomas Everest, superintendent of county police, was called to the house after the prisoner had been removed to the Fort Pitt Hospital, and he went on there to interview the girl, who said she would like to make a statement to him or to Major Boys, who was present, and who cautioned the prisoner. She made a statement to them which was afterwards taken down in writing. He then went back to Ordnance Terrace, and searched the prisoner's room, where he found several pawnbroker's duplicates, and a dress which was stained with blood. Witness then went down into the cellar, and found the marks of blood from thence to the privy, while the door of the kitchen presented the appearance of having been opened by a bloody hand. Upon the seat of the privy there were appearances as though something had been forced down, and, upon examining it, he found a dress, a shawl, and a front of false hair, belonging to the deceased, all being much stained with blood. Witness afterwards traced blood from the kitchen to the upper part of the house, and near the inside of the front door some blood appeared to have spurted. On the Wednesday after the murder he made a further search in the front cellar and found a purse concealed in a tub of sand. It contained £2 1s. 6d., and most of the coins, as well as the purse itself, were blood-stained.

Then came the prisoner's statement, as taken down by Major Boys, a magistrate of the County of Kent, residing at Rochester, and it was to the following effect. "This morning, after getting my mistress's breakfast ready, I was doing my work, and was in the cellar chopping wood. A knock came to the front door. I went up and answered it, and there were two men. One of them asked if I wanted the ashes taken away. Whilst I was answering, the other man came and stood in the doorway. My mistress, hearing me talking, came downstairs. She had got her gown and handkerchief on her arm, and she went down to the kitchen, and I went down at the same time with the other man, as I was so frightened I didn't know what to say or do. The man who came in first attacked my mistress, who ran into the cellar in front. I called out for help two or three times, and my mistress called out very loud also, and then the other man pulled me about ever so long to try to take liberties with me, and, after ill-using my mistress ever so long, he dragged her upstairs. I do not know any more that followed then. I kept screaming, and the man that was downstairs in the kitchen took a knife off the dresser and drew it across my throat and then left me. He then went upstairs. He had not been there long before there came another knock at the front door, and after some time I managed to crawl up through the passage to the front door, and that is all I know. I know the dress of the men well, for one man had got

LYING DEAD IN HER ROOM.

corded trousers and a great coat, with a red comforter round his neck; and the other one was dressed in what I think they call fustian. I have seen the men before, but do not know their names. I think it is more than a week since they came to the front door in the same way as this morning. There was a donkey and cart at the front gate when the men first knocked at the door. The man that was downstairs with me, I bit his hand so severely as nearly to make the teeth meet. One of the men looked about 20 or 21 years; the other might be a little more. The shortest and the oldest of the two it was whose hand I bit. I wish particularly to add that I took a ring and brooch off the mantelpiece belonging to my mistress, she having left them there last night, and I was afraid the men would take them, so I took them off the mantelpiece, but in my fright I do not know what has become of them."

The reading of this extraordinary statement created a great sensation in the court. Few thinking persons could accept so preposterous a statement, bearing the imprint of falsehood in every line, for none of the cries for help, so freely uttered by the prisoner and her mistress, had been heard by the neighbours or passers by, and it was proved by the evidence of the boy Palmer and the man Peason that no strangers had been seen in the Terrace, either going or coming, at the time the prisoner stated. On the face of it, the tale was simply incredible, and no one in court who heard it read and who considered the evidence could come to any other conclusion than that it had been invented by the prisoner to hide her own guilt. The servants in the houses on either side of the deceased, and between whom and the prisoner a sort of telegraphic communication had been maintained by a system of knocking on the walls, were then called. They deposed that, though they had been continuously in their respective kitchens on the morning of the murder, they had heard no noise as of struggling or screaming, or any sounds that attracted their attention. Neither had they seen the strange men or the donkey and cart referred to by the prisoner when looking into the street. Several pawnbrokers produced property of the deceased woman, which the prisoner had pawned with them, and which it was clear she had stolen from the house before the murder. That supplied a possible motive for the crime, for Mrs. Bacon might have discovered her loss and taxed her small servant with the theft. The counsel for the prisoner made a long and able address to the jury on behalf of the prisoner. He commented on her youthful and fragile appearance, and asked if it was humanly possible for this young, innocent-looking girl to perpetrate, alone and unaided, an atrocious murder, and then to scheme out this explanation in order to divert suspicion from herself? He asked if it was likely that this young girl would carry her plan of defence to the lengths of inflicting a severe wound upon herself, which might have ended fatally, and from which she was even now hardly recovered? The blows on the head of deceased had been dealt with great force. Could that small arm have inflicted such injuries? He did not believe it. He urged firstly that the story she told with such circumstantiality, and from which she did not waver, might indeed be true; secondly, that if it were not true, and she was really the cause of the old woman's death, the fatal occurrence might have occurred without premeditation, in which case the jury would be justified in returning a verdict of manslaughter; and, thirdly, that the blows might have been struck in the sudden excitement of a quarrel between the mistress and the maid. In any case, he trusted that the jury would not bring in a verdict which would mean that the town of Maidstone would sustain the stigma and disgrace attaching to the public execution of a young female, "which would be an outrage upon every feeling of humanity and justice."

Mr. Baron Platt summed up, and he could not forbear from remarking on the inconsistencies and incongruities of the prisoner's statement, which seemed to show that at least she was keeping something back. Commenting on the line the defence had taken, he said that the jury could not take the course so ingeniously marked out for them, inasmuch as the prisoner was either guilty of wilful murder or she was innocent. He then reviewed the rest of the evidence, and made some significant remarks on the duties of jurymen. He then dismissed them to their deliberations, and the prisoner, who displayed no emotion, was taken below. The jury remained in consultation for a lengthy period, and then returned with a verdict of "Not guilty," to the utter astonishment of all present. The judge himself appeared astounded at the verdict, but he refrained from any adverse comment, and the prisoner, who smiled and smirked when the foreman delivered the result of the jury's deliberations, was formally discharged. She left the court with some friends, and received an anything but flattering reception from a hostile crowd gathered outside to await the verdict.

This surprising end to a memorable trial was reported to have been owing to the presence on the jury of a number of members of a society—four of them, it was stated—for the abolition of capital punishment in all cases. The prisoner was afterwards re-arrested and tried on the indictment for robbery. She was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, hardly a severe punishment for a particularly cold-blooded murder!

It was subsequently stated on very good authority that the murderess had made a full confession of her guilt, although, of course, it was not possible to try her again. It appeared that, although so young, Elizabeth Laws was a most profligate and abandoned creature. She was in the habit, after her mistress had retired to bed, of leaving the house and spending some hours with her bad companions,

Sitting at the foot of the stairs.

and often returned to Ordnance Terrace in the early morning in a state of intoxication. She was on the best of terms with some of the lowest and most dangerous ruffians in Chatham, although it would appear that her father—her mother was dead—was himself a respectable man in a humble way, and to him this girl had been a source of infinite trouble since her earliest youth. On the fatal morning Laws was in the cellar chopping some wood, and while in the act she was joined by her mistress, who generally finished attiring herself in the kitchen, where there was a fire. The old lady proceeded to dress herself, and then prepared breakfast for her cats, of which she had two, both old pets. Saucers half full of milk and a plate of boiled lights were subsequently found, and blood had spurted into them. Mrs. Bacon, according to Laws, began finding fault with her, reproaching her for her bad conduct, and accused her of making away with some small articles, which, indeed, the girl had stolen and pawned. The latter became exasperated and answered her mistress rudely, whereupon the latter said she, the servant, should leave at the expiration of a week, and she should have no character from her. Elizabeth Laws became enraged, and she seized the hatchet and struck her mistress two severe blows, the first of which knocked the old lady down and effectually stunned her. Believing that she had killed her, this agreeable young woman had dragged the body upstairs to the old lady's own bedroom, where, perceiv-

ing signs of returning life, she continued her brutal attack. She took a piece of iron and struck her with that until life was quite extinct. She then threw the articles down the privy which were found there, and hid the brooch and the ring inside the bosom of her dress. She declared that her mistress had not uttered one cry after being struck the first time, and that she made scarcely any sound when dragging the light body up the stairs. Afterwards, she washed the blood from her hands and arms, and then she was disturbed by knocks at the door. She suddenly thought of the idea of inflicting some slight wound on herself in order to divert all suspicion from herself, and, seizing a knife, she cut her throat in the manner deposed to. She then prepared the tale by which she hoped to escape the consequences of her crime. As a matter of fact, it was declared in the medical testimony at the time that she had had a very narrow escape from death, for the cut in the throat was a much deeper and severer one than she had intended to inflict, and she was in some considerable danger for a little time.

It may be imagined that the verdict of the jury in this case gave rise to much public dissatisfaction. It was felt and maintained in the public press that while capital punishment exists, it is the duty of a jury to allow no question as to the right or wrong of it to sway them in coming to a just and fearless conclusion. Here was a case where the evidence plainly testified to the guilt of the prisoner, and it seemed hardly less than an outrage that justice should be ignored because two or three members of the jury were averse to capital punishment of any kind. The matter was taken up and led to much discussion, and it was ultimately decided that no jury should be empannelled in cases of murder unless each member gave to the system of capital punishment at least his tacit approval. Not since has there been a case of a murderer escaping his just doom from any such scruples on the part of an emotional juryman, and it is only right that, while capital punishment continues to exist it should be awarded without fear or favour when it is deserved.

I have been at some pains to discover what became of this truly delightful specimen of English maidenhood, and have not been able to learn much concerning her future. After serving her sentence, however, it appears that she consented to enter some sort of a penitentiary, and for a time she seemed to really feel some remorse for her terrible crime. But, if she formed any good resolutions in her quiet retreat, they did not exercise any gentle influence over her for long. She got into communication and correspondence with a young tradesman in the district, and, as her history and antecedents were not known to this young man, he took compassion upon her and ultimately took her to Australia with him. There, however, she resumed her old and worst habits, and, boasting of her crime one night in a drunken debauch, this young man left her in horror and returned to England. Of her ultimate fate we know nothing, but its nature is not difficult to guess.

Inoperative Laws.

How many people know that when they parade about with a blue ribbon in their buttonholes they are not actually committing a crime themselves, but are dangerously near doing so, and that if they ask anyone else to take the pledge and abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors they are really rendering themselves liable to a criminal prosecution? Yet this is literally true. Edward VI. passed a law making it a penal offence punishable with imprisonment for anybody to induce any of His Majesty's subjects to abstain from certain foods or drinks, and that ridiculous statute has never been repealed. Again, are the police aware that nightly they have hundreds of lawbreakers pass right under their very noses of whom they take not the slightest notice? Everyone who remains in a "theatre, booth, or any other place of public entertainment after ten o'clock at night," according to an Act some two hundred years old, and still unrepealed, commits a crime calling for imprisonment. What a pleasant time Robert would have if he was suddenly called upon to enforce this archaic law! The winter is the time when the law is most frequently broken, for not only are the theatres most busy then, but the papers are full of accounts of League matches, and accordingly are inciting persons to become criminals. "What?" do you ask. It is quite true. In 1602 a law was passed making football an "unlawful exercise," and any policeman—if bold enough—could stop a game of football, and appeal to the still existent Act in support of his action. In Scotland, too, the players could be severely punished as "brawlers!" Really England would be a charming place to live in if all our laws were enforced!

Criminal Problems

THE CLASSIFICATION OF PRISONERS.

"EVERY working party in every prison in the country is an incubator, and produces, through the infallible law of cause and effect, a daily brood of criminal chickens." Thus writes one who has himself been a criminal, and who has sampled the system in vogue in many of our gaols. If the evil effects of the lack of classification has made itself felt so strongly by a man who openly boasts that he has spent a quarter of a century in durance vile, if he, a confirmed criminal, to all intents and purposes, recognises that the herding together of convicts is a radical blot on our present scheme for the reformation of evil-doers, how is it that those men, presumably of high intelligence, to whom has been entrusted the formation and administration of our penal code, have not long ago noted this evil and remedied it? Simply because our Government does not thank anyone for making suggestions, believing that it is itself all wise, and that its own doings are perfect.

The alarming increase in the number of old offenders convicted, and the general rise in the proportion of criminals to harmless citizens has at last opened the eyes of the Home Secretary, and he has commenced to experiment with a view to improving the present method of treating criminals. To try and eradicate the criminal habit in youthful offenders, he has established a special class for those under twenty-one years of age at Dartmoor, and has considerably modified the prison routine for them, paying some attention to physical culture, and allowing them to receive more educational advantages than are permitted to the ordinary sinner. During the summer months they are to be employed in the more refining forms of labour, such as gardening, and in the winter are to be taught some useful trade of their own choosing.

In doing this he is doing well. He has inserted the thin end of the wedge which will lead to the splitting up of all our criminals into regularly classified groups. That is the point to be aimed at—perfect classification.

We should shudder if anyone were to suggest that we should confine in the same ward patients suffering from small-pox, scarlet fever, cholera, and diphtheria. The public would rave, blaming the doctors, and saying that, far from being cured, the patients would catch graver diseases from one another. The maladies are catching, and certainly it would be the height of folly to run the risk of increasing an epidemic by such co-mingling of the sufferers. Separate ailments require separate remedies and isolation.

But while we admit the truth of this when we are considering the question of mere physical illness, we ignore it entirely when it is moral sickness with which we have to deal. Anybody who has studied criminology will tell you that crime is infectious, contagious. Crime is a moral ailment which is rapidly spread by contact with others. Moral depravity is a highly contagious disease. The sooner this is fully realised the better.

It must also be borne in mind that the various forms of crime are separate manifestations of distinct ailments. The man whose penchant is arson cannot stand the petty thief, and loathes the man whose criminal failing is indecency. Yet daily contact with these men will inoculate the incendiary with the virus of these other moral maladies; he catches fresh diseases while he is supposed to be undergoing a cure for his own principal weakness. This is false penology, just as it is false medicine to mix patients suffering with divers diseases together.

In an ideal criminal system, of course, each prisoner would be treated according to the needs of his case, just as each patient in a hospital receives the attention and care best calculated to effect his speedy recovery. Some attempt would be made to find out the mental or moral flaw which led to the manifestation which we call crime, and suitable remedies would be applied to counteract the tendency to relapse into wrong-doing. This, though possible in very small prisons, and in a few isolated cases, would be too costly, and

the only thing that can be done is to divide the prisoners up into as many classes as possible, each bearing marked characteristics, and treating them in batches.

The first offender should form a class by himself in every case. He should be rigorously isolated, prevented from meeting, or even seeing other prisoners, while the whole efforts of the chaplain and of thoughtful, better-class warders should be directed to working his reformation. He comes into prison suffering from one disease; the greatest care must be taken that he does not leave it bearing with him the germs of many others. The Home Secretary is desirous of keeping his youthful first offenders apart from the other convicts, and in that he is doing well, but he would be taking a step further in advance if he were to remember that the chance of reforming the young rascals would be much greater if he were to keep them from meeting one another. Sheer bravado will often make a young criminal boast of his wickedness, and unconsciously he begins to really glory in it. When that is the case his own reformation is being retarded by association with others, and he is really dangerous, for he spreads the infection of his crimes to his fellows, and nullifies the good work which is being done for them.

All first offenders, then being kept strictly isolated, we have to consider how those who have sinned a second time or more should be treated. It is impossible to apply the solitary system to all our prisons, but inasmuch as the first six months of every sentence are supposed to be passed in solitary confinement, it should be possible for the chaplain, and those who have to do with the prisoner during those six months to find out sufficient about him and about his mental and moral condition to enable them to classify him, and, when his turn comes for association, to place him with others who will help him in his advance towards rectitude, or whom he cannot hurt by his own depravity.

In every prison there are a certain number of men who really are desirous of turning over a new leaf. These are terribly handicapped by having to mix with irreclaimable blackguards. Did the prison authorities only know it, they have in these men a very powerful agent for good, and by attempting to raise their fellows up, these "converted sinners," to use a cant term, will really be working out their own salvation. These well-dispositioned convicts might with advantage be used like leaven and distributed throughout the various classes where their example would do good.

Again, in every convict station are to be found prisoners whose natural refinement shrinks from association with the general ruck of foul-mouthed, indecent criminals. There is really no reason why these men should be compelled to herd with the uncouth and bestial, simply because they, too, are criminals. On the contrary, the more the convict's self-respect and refinement is cultivated the better the chance of reforming him.

By careful classification it should be possible for the governors of every prison to say that each man who has been under their care has left the prison a better man than when he entered its precincts. At present only a very few do not leave imprisonment intellectually, morally and generally physically worse than they were when the law laid its hands upon them. This most unsatisfactory state of affairs will continue until our prisoners are classified, not according to the number of marks they have made, as at present, but according to their temperament, their offence, and the possibilities of their moral regeneration. Classification must be the first step in prison reform, but it must be natural, rational classification, and not a mere mechanical separation of the numbered masses into groups according to the length of time they have got to serve the State.

Law Which Defeats Itself.

THE most absurd and ineffective law at present on the Statute Book is that which prohibits Sunday trading, for not only is it one which is rarely enforced, but it is of such a nature that if a shopkeeper is summoned for the grave offence he actually benefits by being prosecuted. The law made a small fine the only penalty which could be inflicted, a fine which to-day is worth about one-tenth of what it represented when the Statute was framed, and does not give to the magistrates the power to enforce the closing of the man's shop. The tradesman, therefore, pays his five shillings, and promptly does trade to the value of about three pounds, laughs at the magistrates, who can pass his shop and scowl, but have no power to force him to close it. But his benefit does not end there, for he invariably receives an excellent free advertisement from the police-court reporters, who make a point of taking notice of any prosecution under this absurd Act.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Splitting a Fiver.

SOME fifty years ago the Bank of England was disturbed by the news that a process had been discovered by which it was possible to split a five-pound note in two, both halves having the impression of the engraving on it, and, of course, both perfectly watermarked. For some time the officials were incredulous, but then it transpired that the discoverer was an American, who was not particularly anxious to make his fortune out of the split fivers and was willing to prove that he could do what was stated—for a consideration. To protect themselves, the Bank offered him a large reward for his secret, provided he would perform the operation on a specially-marked note, so that there could be no deception. The American agreed to the terms, and a note was sent to him. In a couple of days it was returned accurately split in two. The impression on one of the parts was not very plain, and might not deceive a smart clerk, but the success of the experiment was sufficient to justify the directors in paying the reward and receiving directions as to how to split their notes if required. The practical outcome of the experiment was the substitution of a special kind of ink which only prints on the surface of the paper and does not sink into the substance, so that if anyone were to split a banknote now they would have one half entirely blank. For a time, however, bankers and the public were seriously alarmed, and it was only when the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street announced that she had acquired the sole right to split fivers, and had devised means to prevent others from profiting by the discovery, that the confidence in five-pound notes was restored.

Forced to Stay at Home.

THOSE who to-day believe in young men moving about the country and seeking to better their condition would be regarded by the ancient law-givers as dangerous persons. In the days when England was younger it was considered bad for the nation that labourers should become dissatisfied with the wages they were receiving and seek to obtain higher payment elsewhere. They were ordered to remain in their own neighbourhood and do what work they were called upon there and accept the current rate of pay. As this edict did not find favour in the eyes of the hinds who were ground down by their over-lords, for the latter knew that their servants could not get work elsewhere in the district save with their permission, Edward III. passed a statute making it a crime punishable with imprisonment for any labourer or artificer to leave his own district with a view to going to another. Eleven years later this law was strengthened, and it was ordered that those who would not return to their own county were to be kept in gaol till they promised to obey. Even this harsh measure failing, it was further ordained that workmen who left definite employment to go to another town or county, with the intention of seeking for higher wages, were to be branded on the forehead with the letter "F," "in token of their falsity," and it was criminal to employ one so marked except in the county to which he belonged. To leave the kingdom and work for foreigners was a misdemeanour not to be thought of save by the express permission of the local authorities, endorsed by the magistracy. The unhappy workmen were, therefore, kept completely under the power of their feudal lords, who treated them in no liberal spirit. There were no agitators in those days.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

LUCAS (Dudley).—No. Fred Baker, the Alton murderer, stood 5 feet 3½ inches, and weighed 8 stone 10 lbs. You are confusing the men.

G. B. H. L.—"Bill o' Jakes's" is the local nickname of a public-house a few miles from Oldham, where a double murder was committed in 1837. Assassins never found.

"JUDEX."—In April, 1865, a soldier was discharged from the army and branded "B.C." This is the last instance of which we have record. The initials stood for "Bad Character."

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